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AGGRESSIVE TOLERATION

THE occasional speeches made by Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland outside his own state and people have qualities that differentiate them sharply alike from the panegyrics to which we listen on occasions of self-congratulation and from the criticisms that offset them. That Mr. Ritchie is strongly dissatisfied with some recent constitutional and social developments is no secret. That his convictions force him, again and again, to assume the rôle of critic when it would be far easier and more grateful to speak comfortable things, is coming to be expected. The career of any public man who takes his mission seriously and refuses to gratify what Mr. Belloc has termed "the dangerous and useless satisfaction which proceeds from listening to the public utterance of our most cherished commonplaces," is beset with perils, and not the least is the danger of becoming a sort of licensed prophet of ill, whose strictures are discounted before they are uttered.

From this danger Mr. Ritchie seems to be secured by safeguards of which some are inherent in his own character and intellect while some, at least, are to be ascribed to the community which he represents in American public life. His mind is not only well-furnished, but logical and inquiring. He never contents himself with sonorous platitudes. But he also never

assumes the acrid tone associated with what has come to be called insurgency. By penetrating beneath the contemporary scene, and calling a past for which no living man can be held responsible to account for many of the ills under which we suffer, he distributes the responsibility too widely and deeply for any impression of personal animus to survive. Governor Ritchie's reputation among his fellow-citizens is one of the most pertinent instances of the power of a strong historical sense to sweeten and broaden political life.

On a previous occasion, which happened to be a singularly luminous exposition of the strangle-hold which capital in large masses has obtained over the destiny of mankind, The Commonwealth referred to this singular capacity the Governor of Maryland possesses for touching the real heart of the matter through a tangle of phrases and platitudes. The faculty is just as apparent in the address recently delivered by him at the joint banquet of the American Historical Society and the American Political Science Association, upon History and Public Policy. What is doubly interesting to a magazine like our own, which strives to make its temper and activities conform in every possible way to the benign tradition of Leonard Calvert, the Governor makes no secret of a fact which we believe is hardly less vital to his reputation among his fellow-citizens

than the personal character which is gradually placing him in national consciousness. "Maryland," he tells us, "is a conservative state, and her people are in the main conservative people. As one bred in their spirit and tradition, I want to confine myself to a conservative statement of conservative views."

To be chief executive of Maryland—to represent and speak for Maryland people and Maryland traditions before the country and the world, is so unique a privilege that one can almost believe it would serve as ballast to the most trivial political equipment. To a man of heart and mind it must present itself as a combination of circumstances so fortunate as almost to wear the face of destiny. Considered as a mere historical accident, the founding of a Catholic English-speaking province on the western continent, at a time when Catholicism among English-speaking peoples had reached its nadir, would be sufficiently amazing. But that this province, settled and administered by men fresh from the stringent hand of persecution at home, should, in its constitution, anticipate principles which were not understood anywhere in the Europe of their epoch, Catholic or Protestant, that its founders should make their gesture one of universal tolerance, to all men and to all creeds, tempered only by regulations of public decency which the world even now dares not let go, is a portent so amazing that Catholics must be pardoned if they see in it the workings of a providence which transcends political wisdom, however farsighted. Perhaps the best proof that the story of Maryland lies outside the course of history, as most men understand it, is that history has had to be systematically violated to obscure its significance.

Moreover, destiny, providence or whatever one chooses to call it, willed that the people who founded Maryland, and by founding it made Catholicism an intrinsic element of the great country that was to be, were a static people. It is not slighting the origins of other states or other provinces in America, or belittling the part that adventure, trading activity or even destitution can play in building up a great nation, to see in the descendants of Calvert's companions men who were stable as well as stout-hearted, and hence likely to be all that is conveyed in the word "dependable" at every national crisis, internal and external. In less than a hundred words Governor Ritchie sums up the contribution of his state to the history of the United States. "Maryland has often played the pioneer in our national drama. As a province she was the first state to establish full religious toleration, and proclaim it to a waiting world. She was one of the earliest to initiate the American theory of local self-government, and in its behalf she defied the proprietary, the royal governor, Parliament, the king and even the Continental Congress. It was her insistence when the Articles of Confederation were submitted that brought the great Northwest into the national domain, and assured for all time our western empire."

Governor Ritchie's historical acumen has never

shown to better advantage than when explaining how the seeming paradox came to pass of a state, founded on the principle of tolerance (in homely phrase, of "letting alone") proving itself so aggressive and effective when the time for waiting seemed past. Toleration, so far from being a passive condition of mind, averse to change through inertia, he sees as something as sensitive as a fine sense of honor. "So far as broad questions of public policy are concerned, I regard conservation as distinctly an attitude of toleration—first receptive toleration toward the untrammelled discussion of every proposal which contemplates changes in existing institutions and public relations, and secondly an aggressive toleration which insists that the mere proposal of a change is not in itself final sanction of its acceptance, but involves only the burden of proof, and that every protest on the part of those directly concerned against acquiescence in any sacrifice or material impairment of their interests shall be respected to the fullest practicable extent."

That this restatement of state rights, but of state rights as only one aspect of implicit human rights, will be relished in all political quarters, is not to be expected. In very high places powerful dreamers sit, whose dream is of an America, homogeneous, co-terminous, upon whose surface the boundaries that set off state from state are mere administrative devices as fortuitous as the postal districts in a great city. The differences that history, race, religion and ingrained habits of life have brought to pass afflict and concern them. Of a steadfast and quiet loyalty that can lie in the recesses of the national heart, waiting due occasion for its utterance, and all the deeper because a wise toleration respects other and non-conflicting loyalties, they seem to have no idea. It is a group ridden with the restless contemporary mania for tests upon all occasions. It would have the certificate of patriotism produced upon call like a driving license. It would make consent to the arbitrary rulings of one section in race and religion the assay of good citizenship. Forgetful of the diverse elements that have made the brawn and brain of the country, and ignoring what Governor Ritchie well terms "the test of loyalty on the battlefield and in the realm of civic fidelity," it would lay its hand upon further immigration, using racial shibboleths, very far from verified, as its standard. Naturally, it has scant respect for history. But history will survive its neglect. "For conservatism . . . to be a divining rod for sound public policy," declares Maryland's Executive, "there must be an appreciation of historical values. One who knows the past has something against which to measure the present. . . . He recalls situations in the past life of his own country . . . or of other countries where somewhat analogous decisions had to be made. The more comprehensive and exact his knowledge of history, the greater is his likelihood of being indisposed to acquiesce in wholesale alteration of social or political conditions without very grave or perhaps unanswerable reasons."

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WEEK BY WEEK

GOVERNOR SMITH'S message to the people of New York is manifestly a campaign document, but it is an exceptionally able and interesting campaign document. We are not in a position to restate the details of its review of past achievement or of its prediction as to what may sometime come to be. It is simply worth noting that the Governor reveals himself as the nation's foremost reorganizer of state government. Not so long ago men had virtually despaired of the return to health of the forty-eight capital cities, shackled as these were by incompetence and shadiness of character. Today one sees clearly that the New York record means both recuperation and advancement. Its golden rule has been electrification of political issues. Once state finance and administrative machinery tingled and came alive, people took an interest in them and endowed the man at the helm with their confidence and support. The friendly relations thus established between executive and electorate had their effect on a thousand things. Investigations of abuse became something more than perfunctory exercises in whitewashing. Tammany Hall, basking in previously unparalleled public approval, gave up the business of political trapdoors and proved itself a public-spirited organization. The Governor was appreciated because he came from below upward; and he rewarded that good-will by seeing to it that a realization of civic duty flowed from above downward. Finally the New York experiment (if you prefer to use that term) has this advantage over the Wisconsin experiment: it is less visionary in outlook and more efficient in execution.

ONE point, of course, the Governor's message does not make clear. Is he an admirable and trained executive, but a man who has never thought of national problems in a really big way? The answer to this now pertinent inquiry is not contained in the message, and very likely one ought not to expect to find it there. Mr. Smith is not in a position to tell the Democratic Convention what its attitude toward the affairs of the country ought to be. Indeed, even if he should become the chosen standard-bearer, he will of necessity be guided partly by points of view that could not possibly originate in New York. The one subject he does now discuss—prohibition—was obviously summoned to mind by the spectre of a coming battle with fellow-Democrats. It may be confessed that the words, "In the meanwhile there devolves upon the state the sacred duty of sustaining the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law," sound very much like the most proverbial variety of cant. No such duty devolves upon the state, and the Governor of New York has never felt until now that it did. One sincerely hopes that Mr. Smith will elect to stand by his personal and public record, and not seek refuge in a suddenly acquired facility for manufacturing hollow phrases unworthy of him and really not serviceable to anybody.

A MORE painfully inadequate conception of journalistic service than that displayed by Mr. Hearst in dealing with "documents" alleged to have been taken from Mexican archives would be difficult to imagine. After having printed reams of copy to show that President Calles was guilty of such paltry misdemeanors as bribing United States senators, fomenting revolution in Nicaragua and spreading the reign of Sovietism, Mr. Hearst now allows his experts to say that the "letters" were forgeries and the whole fuss a mistake. Beyond that he publishes an "open letter" declaring that although a file of correspondence which took a whole month to print is worse than worthless as evidence, the "facts in the case" are nevertheless quite what the correspondence said they were. Who on earth will believe this statement? It is conceivable that Mr. Hearst decided to fall in line with the present administration policy after all, and repudiate the effects of his earlier sortie. If this be true, one can only conclude that the present program in Mexico is about as desperate a case of diplomatic gambling as was ever staged on the world's green table. Much more probable an explanation is that the Hearst men didn't know anything about their "documents" and didn't need to care. The people who swallow the Arthur Brisbane-John Page world also gulp down any cosmogony which it may seem expedient to offer them.

THE glib assertion that the Hearst papers are the only offenders in the realm of Latin-American publicity is, however, merely a smug sedative. Washington investigators unearthed the fact that the New York World was represented in Mexico City by a gentleman

otherwise employed by the Mexican government, and that it was he, in turn, who passed on to the present World wise man instructions as to how to comport himself. We know likewise that Mr. De Courcy, servant of the New York Times, had also secured for himself a position of responsibility and trust which he was unfortunate enough to lose during an unwary moment. Upon such sources were the American people compelled to rely for the information they received regarding Latin America. To render this ridiculous situation even worse, the extra-official corridors were policed regularly by such sly snoopers as the Reverend Samuel Guy Inman. And the result? The United States knows nothing about actual conditions to the south. It merely realizes very dimly at present that where the "realm of the Monroe Doctrine" begins, intense and ominous resentment begins also.

THERE looms a gigantic business war, some omens of which are already most apparent. Who knows the full story of oil, lumber and land in the southern countries, together with the political machinations which that story implies? Who knows what actually happened in Mexico subsequent to the Wilsonian intervention, not only in so far as this one unhappy country is concerned but also with reference to the mind of Latin America as a whole? Who is able to state the dimensions of the indignation attendant upon the absence of alien safety, virtually guaranteed by the United States? But even the little we do know makes us realize that the present administration, roused from the cushions of routine and precedent, is trying to remedy blunders while there is still time. Meanwhile the religious issue in Mexico unfortunately remains secondary. It has really been that all the time—a persecution engendered by greed and lust for power, by a desire to make political capital out of "socialistic" motives that played a part in the original Carranza revolution. There are only two ways to settle it. The first is to remove the tyrannical agents, which Catholic authority says must be done through the use of peaceful, legal means. The second is to prove to these agents that their golden opportunity lies in a reversal of form. We believe that the United States is now earnestly trying to bring about condition number two. Whether it succeeds or not, the fact remains that, if we had, as a people, known the truth about the matter, the national decision to do something would have come early and not now, in what may be called the ninth hour.

MISGIVING is beginning to overtake "many quarters" in Canada because of the non-British racial strain of the bulk of immigrants, and as an offset to this strange reluctance of the Englishman to emigrate, "it is proposed by many of those who have studied the question most closely, that immigration to Canada should be confined mainly to the Teutonic and Scandinavian races." So at least we are informed in a long letter written to the London Times by its special

correspondent in Ottawa. On more than one previous occasion The Commonwealth has had to take note of similar tendencies toward racial discrimination, north of the Great Lakes, and to refer to the problem facing those who desire, at one and the same time, a Nordic and an agricultural Canada. For at the present conjuncture in the world's history it happens that the people least divorced from the soil and most willing to perpetuate their age-long vocation in a far land, belong neither to "British" nor to "Teutonic" stock. They are mainly Slavic or southern European.

WITH the other stocks industrialization has had its way too completely for a reversion to be easy at call. Where it has not created prosperity, it has at least created specialization in function and a strong class consciousness. That both would have to be abandoned in Canada the Times correspondent makes no attempt to deny. The new emigrant, we are specifically told, must be ready first and foremost to "do anything that is required of him. . . . The false ideas of specialization and of expert labor which have gained such a tremendous hold over the working people at home, and which were so clearly exposed [sic] during the general strike, are of little use in Canada." In other words, all that labor has gained by a century of corporate action is to be left at home as excess baggage. From the worker's point of view the prospect must be considered bleak, bleaker even than the dole. We are much afraid that Canada is on the horns of one of those economic dilemmas where racial preferences and antipathies are something of a luxury.

THE refusal of the House of Commons to sanction the revision of the Anglican prayer-book disrupted, clumsily but none the less pertinently, the semblance of religious unity which the Archbishop of Canterbury has labored to stamp upon the Established Church. It could not be doubted that the new prayer-book was more than relatively a codification of desires to revert to Catholic custom and symbol; that it was the outcome of historical study characterized more or less by the moods of the Oxford Movement; and that acceptance of it by the government would have meant, for the time being at least, a drift away from mere emotionalism and quietistic Protestantism to the dignity of liturgical tradition. But could one expect that when the final decision was placed in the hands of men not in the least familiar with the study which has produced "Anglo-Catholicism," assent would be immediate? A dozen forms of non-conformism and mere political obscurantism broke out in Parliament. Mr. Baldwin resorted desperately to politics. His query—"Who believes that the Church of England could survive disestablishment?"—had little effect, but is destined to survive as a staggering and bewildering interrogation. It draws attention once more to what has been growing steadily more obvious during the past century: state churches cannot venture to bear the shock incident to

separation from politics, and yet their teaching authority is losing its grip in direct proportion to the amount of political influence associated with it.

SINCE the turmoil in the Commons, many fearless ecclesiastical leaders have, indeed, advocated disestablishment. To them the point at issue is too sacred to be sacrificed for the sake of conserving position and monetary security. We do not believe, however, that this point of view is capable of carrying the day. If the Church of England were unified spiritually; if it could be certain of the support of its members and of heroic sacrifices on the part of its leaders to build up respect for a central authority—then the step might be risked. But Bishop Barnes is only one of a thousand phenomena testifying in the negative. An ecclesiastical institution in which Catholic tradition and Protestant mentality are oddly mingled is precisely like a United States senator who pairs his vote with a confrère. We should like to feel that the moral is that High-churchmen must come round finally to being Catholics. Under the circumstances, however, this is expecting too much. For the present we can hope only that they will develop sufficient vitality and tact to keep their movement alive and growing. If the zeal of spirit of which they have given evidence is increased rather than diminished by the task of surmounting obstacles, the day must finally come when the Saklatvalas and Barrs of British politics will no longer enjoy the prerogative which enables them, at present, to decide the religious beliefs of a church.

A BOOK review is a peculiar medium through which to announce a candidacy for public office. But even the political opponents of Vice-President Dawes have never accused him of being ultra-conventional. It happens that a gentleman by the name of W. F. Willoughby, who is director of the Institute of Governmental Research, has written a book called *The National Budget System and Mr. Dawes*—who was the first Director of the Budget—has written a review of Mr. Willoughby's book. Mr. Dawes thinks Mr. Willoughby's book is a very well-written book and says so in four or five well-written paragraphs. And then, in the other thousand words in the review, Mr. Dawes tells the nation that the Comptroller-General of the United States has made a terrible mess of things by failing to reform the government's bookkeeping system under the authority given to the Comptroller by the Act of 1921, generally known as the Budget Act. "The present system of governmental bookkeeping would not be tolerated for a day in a properly conducted private business enterprise," Mr. Dawes writes " . . . The reform in governmental accounting is certain to come. It may be that the present occupant will continue in his hesitation to undertake it properly, which will be a great misfortune, but it is inconceivable that successors in the office will fail to grasp this great opportunity for governmental service."

MR. DAWES as Director of the Budget brought himself national prominence and ultimately became Vice-President. But, as he himself says, "The Act of 1921 was not simply a budget act. It was a budget and accounting act. In the establishment of the office of the Comptroller-General of the United States, a complete central power was vested to enable him to bring about a modern and proper method of bookkeeping." It may be that the other phase of the Act of 1921 has been chosen as the avenue through which the Vice-President may aspire to climb still higher. How else can be explained his deep interest in the present Comptroller's successors in office? It may be assumed with safety that Mr. Dawes himself does not aspire to become Comptroller-General of the United States. But it might not be repugnant to him to be put in a position where he could appoint a Comptroller-General who would "bring about a modern and proper method of bookkeeping." "Simplified Bookkeeping" would be a strange campaign slogan in 1928, though less nonsensical than many which have been carried with torches and bands in previous presidential years.

THAT mathematicians are human beings is a circumstance too frequently overlooked. It is impressed upon one very pleasantly by divers personal recollections contributed to the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* by the eminent savant M. M. d'Occagne. He tells a story of the beloved and respected Henri Poincaré which is particularly appropriate. Poincaré was, it seems, addicted to moments of complete forgetfulness of the here and now. At the very crisis of conversation, he might suddenly betake himself to those "regions of the moon" where there was no getting near him. Subsequent to his success in the famous mathematical competition organized under the patronage of King Oscar II of Sweden, Poincaré was tendered a reception by his Paris confrères. Seated on the dais he listened to a persuasive orator confer upon him the title of "princeps mathematicorum." He listened, that is, up to a certain point. Then Monsieur d'Occagne suddenly realized that his friend had entered into solitude. The speaker paused after a particularly eloquent compliment and the audience applauded. Poincaré, roused by the din, thought the applause meant for the orator and started to join in vigorously. It was only the instant intervention of his friend that saved him from great embarrassment. Today the incident is treasurable because it testifies to Poincaré's simple generosity. If he had been egotistical and cold, his first impression would have associated the clapping hands with himself. By immediately concluding that the orator was the object of acclaim, he exemplified spontaneously that selflessness which is an attribute of the scientific mind at its noblest.

WE ARE in for another of those detestable melodramas miscalled murder trials. The Hickman case is going to out-Leopold Leopold and out-Loeb Loeb,

besides making Remus look like an amateur. In every barroom in the country men are hotly arguing, "Would you send a nineteen-year-old boy to the rope?" Already the victim and her family are forgotten while the spotlight plays around the hero of the play, fighting for his life. His mother testified to his cleverness, and he has proved her words by the adroitness with which he has shifted overnight from one defense to another. The latest thing is a surgeon's report of the autopsy, showing that the child died not of strangulation but of fright. This wonder of science is so grotesque that it would not be believed if we did not quote the scientist's own words: "When he applied the towel about her neck she realized what was about to happen, and her heart stopped from fright and exhaustion." In other words, he did not kill her, he only scared her to death; so let him go free. If the silly surgeon is right, what a terrible death must have been hers, and what can we think of that would adequately punish such a fiend? And yet, in this maudlin age, it may be a perfectly good defense. England has her faults, but who can imagine any of our fuzzy-headed, emotional debauches over the vilest of the vile being even remotely paralleled over there?

THE American Catholic Philosophical Association, having assembled at Holy Cross College, furnished abundant testimony for the assertion that it has already done much to further an excellent cause. Scholarly papers read dealt with aspects of Thomistic, Franciscan and modern thought. There was a particular readiness to discuss the influence of several concepts which science has projected into philosophy, and about which there exists a considerable amount of misapprehension. We think the Association now represents something much more positive than a beginning, and hope for its continued success. The presidency was tendered for the coming year to the widely familiar and beloved vice-rector of the Catholic University, Monsignor Edward A. Pace. One cannot forget that already in his youth he was considered, by men of diverse beliefs who were qualified to judge, as significant a mind as any in this country; and one hopes that he can pass on to his younger fellows the zeal and resolution now so badly needed. America is now readier to listen to the scholastic doctrine than it has ever before been; but it is essential that somebody appear to deliver the address.

AMONG those to whom the Association listened was the Reverend Bernard Vogt, professor in the Franciscan College at Butler, New Jersey. Father Vogt discussed the historic Franciscan thinkers, stressing in particular the work now being done to reinterpret their conclusions in modern terms. It should be noted incidentally that the growing interest being taken by American Franciscans in the intellectual tradition of their order is manifested in an especial way each year at their educational conferences. A report

covering what was said and done at the last of these meetings is now available. It includes, among many excellent things, a vast bibliographical study of Franciscan preachers by Father Anscar Zawart, O.M. Cap. Here can be found, in a form readily available, a wealth of information regarding a most interesting exemplification of the homiletic principle. A companion paper entitled *How Saint Francis of Assisi Won the Heart of the World*, by Father Anthony Linneweber, O.F.M., has since been published separately by the author as *The Man Who Saw God*. It is a fascinating and competent study of Franciscan mysticism, entitling the author to great credit.

THE PLIGHT OF THE CLERK

ONE hears it said that the modern world is rapidly returning to the conditions of mediaeval civilization. The formalism and rationalistic constraints which the humanistic movement of the fifteenth and the two following centuries imposed upon Europe, are (it is said) giving way to a more spontaneous, untrammelled view of existence. Some believe, moreover, that modern mass education—which, to some extent at least, is conceived of in terms of community service—has its only counterpart in the mediaeval schools. Whatever may be thought of this view, it seems likely enough that modern research would hardly be so much interested in thirteenth-century circumstance were it not that it seems to catch a reflection of itself in those scintillant, ever-moving waters.

An excellent instance of this research is the study of the *Morale Sclarium* of John of Garland, by Louis John Paetow, reference to which is made elsewhere in these columns. Dr. Paetow has skilfully unearthed all the extant remains of an almost forgotten mediaeval humanist and pieced them together into what looks very like a human being. His major concern, naturally enough, is with the *Morale Sclarium*, a poem in which John of Garland ventured to judge his own academic generation by critical standards. Being a professor of grammar and rhetoric, he was (very like his counterparts in these days) also something of an authority on manners. "Take hold of the base of a goblet," he counsels, "so that unsightly finger marks may not show on the side. Polite diners pause over their cup but gluttons, who live like mules and weevils, empty it with one draught." Only fools fail to "keep their mouths shut in season." They are rustics who "lick and nibble at their French toast." A host on the verge of giving a banquet must "clean all the vessels."

John of Garland was, beyond all doubt, conscious of many of the same woes which beset the humanist of our day. "If you are a real scholar," he laments, "you are thrust out in the cold. Unless you are a money-maker, I say, you will be considered a fool, a pauper. The lucrative arts, such as law and medicine, are now in vogue, and only those things are pursued

which have a cash value." And a little later he returns to the charge in more personal terms. "I write verses, but am praised because I am a poor man," he complains. "But even if I am not esteemed, nevertheless my heart is sublime. Lean and hungry, I overwork myself by heaping up verses instead of gold. Like a spider building his web, I use myself up spinning endless verses." Even so, sources of consolation are not lacking. "Otherwise, however," comes the admission, "I am fortunate, for, although I live in straitened circumstances, I am free from the cares of wealth and secular anxieties. God hardens us, He takes care to lead us through hardships; but while He weighs down upon us, He purifies us to enjoy His kingdom."

Our author was jealous of the reputation of the humanities and severe upon anything that seemed to disparage their repute. He counsels the student who may read his treatise that "if in it you find difficult words and expressions esteem them highly, for ignorance is weakness and knowledge kept to oneself is of no avail." There was much he was inclined to term disastrous. Indifference to the seven arts; the prevalence of mediocre text-books and pedagogical methods; rusticity of manners, to be found even in high places—these he shook his head at and demanded reform. All in all, one fancies that if a modern clerk drew up his reflections, he would tend to use much the same material, however different the form of his remarks might be. Times change, but the eternal wheel turns.

MASTER-MINDING

A NATION whose foreign relations have recently been characterized by hurrahing for Lindbergh was disagreeably surprised to receive, on New Year's day, the information that a battle in Nicaragua had cost a number of American lives. Of course a soldier exists to do his duty, and normally one accepts the news of his having fallen in action with sorrow, but yet with a sense that a sterling tribute has been paid to honor and the country's service. In the present instance, however, emotions of a totally different kind were aroused. The enemy was General Sandino, the revolutionary adventurer who refused to accept the terms upon which the United States proceeded to establish peace in Nicaragua. Some months ago, after a sanguinary engagement in which airplanes played a gruesome part, it was officially announced that Sandino had been triumphantly smashed and that even his personal escape was hardly probable. Today he suddenly reappears in a rôle which suggests a comparison with the once formidably dangerous Aguinaldo. Sandino has well-trained troops equipped, apparently, with Browning guns; he employs with considerable success the approved tactics of guerilla warfare; and he operates in a district from which it is exceedingly difficult to dislodge any fighting man. The conclusion arrived at by the Marine Corps is that Sandino is being aided "from without."

This last hypothesis is exceedingly important. It attracts more attention than the indubitable fact that policing Nicaragua is a much more difficult and costly job than one had assumed it to be. For the expense is not merely a matter of money and lives. It lies also in the circumstance that such theories as "Sandino is receiving aid from somebody else," become necessary. At this time we, as the greatest people in the western hemisphere and the custodians of the Monroe Doctrine, have embarked upon a program of "good-will," the intensity of which displays the importance attributed to it. And if, in the midst of the festivities, we are suddenly brought to a halt by the news that some power is interested in opposing our policy in Nicaragua, the moral effect is to throw a wet blanket over the whole proceeding and to lead us to return to a realistic impression of the situation.

We need to be told that "good-will" can settle very little of the existing trouble. The disagreements which now constitute a formidable barrier between ourselves and the peoples of Latin America have their roots in historical conditions, for some of which we as a nation are responsible but over others of which we have absolutely no control. Who does not see, for instance, that the element of racial difference is of the greatest importance in the history of such countries as Mexico? And what can we do to neutralize this element? Even the matter of Latin-American suspicion of United States motives is not going to disappear very much more rapidly than it appeared. The present campaign is only the beginning of what must prove a long and arduous enterprise. Success will depend to a large extent upon the strength of the support given by public opinion. That in turn demands a flood of reliable information.

Precisely this has not been supplied. With reference to Mexico, for instance, the "hush policy" in vogue during more than a year has left most Americans so unfamiliar with actual conditions that now the most dangerous kind of deluded optimism prevails. People are beginning to expect, for instance, not only that Ambassador Morrow will earnestly try to end the religious persecution existing in Mexico, but that he actually will end it. Many are confident that the coming Pan-American Congress will usher in a new era, whereas at best it can merely point a compass toward a new era. And in all this overdose of expectancy there lurks the germ of destructive disillusionment and bitterness. We must all come down to earth out of the aviatorial clouds and realize that what has happened is merely this: the government of the United States was in a position to choose between a program of more or less imperialistic force and a program of coöperation. The second is equally as difficult and expensive as the first. But the American people preferred it because it seemed right. Their decision is, we think, excellent; but to deny that it will have to be followed up with a lot of hard and often disappointing work would be perilous folly.

DID THE NAVY BUNGLE?

By FRANCIS D. WALTON

WHEN the coast-guard destroyer Paulding, returning from a fruitless chase of a supposed rum-runner, rammed the Navy submersible S-4 1,800 yards outside the natural harbor wall of Provincetown harbor at nightfall on December 17, the daily press has reported that two apertures were made. One in the port bow of the Paulding which was not serious, the other amidships in the S-4, which caused the submarine to sink, carrying with her to the bottom of the sea her entire personnel of forty officers and men.

But there was a third hole made by this regrettable accident, for the Paulding's heedless prow also was responsible for ripping a deep opening into the screen behind which the official machinery of the Navy presumably has been operating. Through this third hole the American people, and particularly those at the scene of the disaster, were given an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the Navy, as we know it today, really functions.

"Did the Navy bungle?"

The American people, roused as they have not been stirred in some time, are asking this question in an effort to satisfy themselves as to whether or not a department of the American government was directly responsible for the failure to save lives which accident caught and trapped in a steel chamber 101 feet away from safety.

For the answer, the unbiased observer can do no better than direct the attention of the questioners to that third hole, and that which could be seen through it. The screen itself has been defended time out of mind, not only by the present civilian head of the Navy but by many of his predecessors. The apparently unanswerable argument has been that the Navy would like very much to keep the American people informed as to its business, what it is doing, and what it is capable of doing, but that to do so would be highly indiscreet since home publicity would be most avidly absorbed abroad. Hence the screen. Hence the secrecy. And hence, ipso facto, ignorance on the part of the great body of the American people as to the real capabilities and the real limitations of the men whom it supports in blue.

The third hole, then, gave an unparalleled opportunity to discover what goes on behind the screen. Looking through it one saw nothing heartening. It was a picture in the cubistic manner, after Picasso, in which gold lace was all bound about with red tape, the resulting ensemble being symbolic of complete inefficiency.

The last seven words of the last paragraph must be set off and marked well: "the resulting ensemble being symbolic of complete inefficiency." For the fail-

ure to save those six men who were known to have been trapped alive in a depth of water less than one-third the total length of the submersible never can be charged to one individual, or to a group of individuals.

It was a system and regulations, which no doubt have their place, which put at the head of the rescue fleet a man of the sea as Annapolis produces them, who had no working knowledge of submarines. His technical aides are beyond question, but where their authority ended and his began was a nice point, so nice and so fine that civilians seeking to deal with the fleet on official or semi-official business found that a good deal of time out from the "manoeuvres" off Wood End light was required to establish the status of the various individuals directly engaged in the so-called rescue work.

The experience of Philip Brasher, Princeton marine engineer, perhaps is the best measure of the real amount of red tape which hampered operations in the Navy's recent difficulty. Mr. Brasher, whose work was well known to the Navy and whose recognized device for breaking a choppy sea through the use of compressed air was approved by the Navy Department seven years ago, read of the S-4 tragedy in New York papers on the morning of December 18. After some delay he succeeded in getting into telephonic communication with an undersecretary who "thought" it would be advisable for Mr. Brasher to come down to Washington.

Though his own information was to the effect that the S-4 sank off Provincetown, Mr. Brasher, following the suggestion, went to the capital. Monday was passed interviewing officials of the Navy department. "Everywhere I went I was most courteously treated," the engineer said. Tuesday Mr. Brasher was called to the office of the Secretary of the Navy. From there he was sent to the office of Naval Operations. During all this time, men aboard the rescue fleet were defending inaction with the claim that the rough seas would permit of no diving.

By Tuesday someone in officialdom decided that Mr. Brasher really ought to be getting a little nearer the scene of the disaster and he was sent to Boston with orders to report to Rear-Admiral Philip Andrews, in charge of the third naval district. It was Wednesday before the engineer and his much-needed aid arrived at Provincetown. By that time the Navy had lost the S-4 and the sea was perfectly calm.

"I found everyone on board the Falcon (flagship of the rescue fleet) most courteous and receptive to my idea," said Mr. Brasher, "but my orders were to report to Admiral Brumby, who, I found, had not slept for three days and three nights and who, as a con-

sequence, was absolutely inarticulate and entirely incapable of understanding a technical exposition of any kind."

"But could the men on the S-4 have been saved?"

This is the second, even more insistent question which the American people are asking.

A technical answer, proving an affirmative reply perhaps can be given. No doubt a technical defense also could be prepared. But to the observer on the scene it seems that the entire question can be conclusively resolved with the statement that what could be done on Thursday morning, what was done, the pumping of fresh oxygen into the torpedo chamber over the bodies of six dead sailors, could have been done on Sunday or Monday when the six were still positively known to be alive.

Not unwillingness, but the futile, meaningless motives of the rescue force, which was transfixed by a power of inertia which extended far from Provincetown and the scene of tragedy, appears to be responsible. Looking behind this for motives, one seems to arrive logically at the conclusion that the morale of the naval forces has been lowered points upon points below normal efficiency. The equipment rather than the personnel seems to be at fault, and if the searcher is really seeking "first causes" he must go for the reason of lowered morale to the fact that there exists consciously in the men of the Navy the knowledge that they are not working with first-class equipment. An economy program, of which it seems we have heard something, is therefore the primary cause.

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, who might have gone to the scene of the tragedy immediately upon its oc-

currence, but who did not choose to do so, and who finally did go when public indignation forced him to Provincetown, apparently has settled the responsibility for the accident by blaming the dead submarine men who were making an availability run, ordered by the Navy Department on a trial-run course—a course which is clearly marked on all nautical maps and which, moreover, has been used for such purposes for the past twelve years.

It now seems likely that there will be a congressional investigation of the conduct of the rescue as well as a Navy board of inquiry on the accident. A mass of data no doubt will be submitted to the congressional hearing, when and if it is held. Information on the wind velocity on the days which the Navy said it could not work, the reasons for the negligent loss of the wrecked submersible on the first ideal calm day, and miscellaneous information as to why salvage equipment such as pontoons cannot be stored nearer the standard trial submarine course than the Brooklyn Navy Yard, no doubt will be submitted to the Congressmen.

The result of such an investigation remains the secret of the future, but the outcome, no matter what it may be, can do little toward wiping from the minds of observers the picture of the scene of the rescue fleet on Monday and Tuesday, riding at anchor on a sea which Provincetown sailors claim was "calm enough for a squeamish baby," patiently waiting for calm, and on Wednesday morning and Wednesday afternoon frantically searching for a lost hemp line which tethered living men to hope until they died at last of carbon dioxide poisoning.

THE LEAGUE AND THE PAPACY: I

By GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

(This is the first of three articles which will appear in The Commonwealth upon the League of Nations and its relation to the universal body of Catholics. Their author, Count Gonzague de Reynold, is an authority upon questions of international significance, and the present president of the Catholic Union of International Studies.—The Editors.)

IT IS my purpose in these few pages to draw the attention of American Catholics to certain facts quite recently made evident in international life. These facts are disturbing their European brethren deeply. It is to be hoped that they will help to convince American Catholics more strongly than has been the case in the past, of a necessity, growing more urgent every day, for common action beyond the ocean which separates us.

If there is one thing which Catholics find it hard to decide upon, it is the attitude they should adopt toward the League of Nations and the various international manifestations which have gathered around it.

What makes this attitude especially difficult is the

fact that no official relations exist between the Holy See and the League. As is notorious, the founders of the League have chosen to ignore the Pope. In doing so they committed an error whose evil consequences become more evident every day. Evil especially for the League itself, since it has not—I say it with all due deference—the seeds within it of indefinite life. Let us consider two of the most important of these consequences here.

The first falls within the moral order. The absence of the Holy See is a grave affront to the character of universality which the League is bound to claim, under pain of being something other than it claims to be. Universality, in fact, is the "to be or not to be" of the society of nations. But it will be really possessed of it only on the day when every civilized nation has handed in its assent to the pact. Even then it will not be enough for the League to be universal in the political sense of the word, through the coöperation of every country in its proceedings. Moral force, the

force of world opinion, is a support it cannot dispense with.

This is so true indeed that, as time passes, we perceive the League more and more making its appeal to this very force. On most of the commissions we now find two categories of members: governmental representatives and expert assessors who represent associations of a private character. In opening the ranks of its special commissions (by which the real work of the League is done and its occasional results are attained) to these private associations, the League was seeking less the competent judgment of technical experts than the moral support and the sympathy of public opinion. It was found insufficient to have the noisy and often embarrassing groups of national associations marching before it like the music at the head of a procession. These associations have no official character, no mandate and no responsibility, and they should never be confounded with the League itself. What is indispensable is the official coöperation of great international associations of every character, but especially the intellectual, the pedagogical and the philanthropic.

Governments on the one side—public opinion on the other; these are the two legs of the League of Nations. Its misfortune resides in the fact that one is inclined to go too slowly and the other too fast. This is the real reason why the progress of the League has become a series of spasmodic advances and no less spasmodic setbacks. Its very constitution is a hybrid affair—the result of a marriage of convenience between the most realistic of policies, namely, economic theory, and the most utopian of ideas, namely, humanitarian pacifism.

It represents an ideal, but remains dependent upon governments. It is organized like a genuine government, but disposes of nothing more definite than a moral force, which is stronger or weaker accordingly as the prestige and the confidence it manages to inspire in world opinion waxes or wanes. Hence a double weakness. The League is notoriously ineffective in face of any policy clearly and strongly laid down and possessing the means to enforce it, such, for example, as Fascism and Bolshevism. But it is also feeble when confronted with any ideal raised to the dignity of a dogma, which has the intellectual and moral means in its hands to impose itself, whether by prestige or by conviction.

It is for this reason that the League of Nations cannot afford to dispense with Catholicism. Personally I am unable to conceive it resisting Bolshevism successfully with the sole aid of Protestants, Socialists and Freemasons. Through the force of circumstances it has become the chosen battle-ground for all manner of doctrines. Buffeted by so great a conflict of systems and ideas, the League runs a great risk of foundering amid the general confusion. Sooner or later it will have to seek the support of Catholic synthesis as an element of equilibrium and harmony.

For the moment it becomes a question of intervening in the organization of labor, in education, in the protection of childhood, or in intellectual life of any sort, it finds itself face to face with Catholic doctrine. It may attempt (as it has attempted) to turn a cold shoulder upon it. Invariably experience has shown that it is within this compact body of doctrine that exact definitions, just judgments and the precision necessary to its appointed task are really to be sought.

The day the League extended its operations from politics to the social and moral domain marked a crisis in its existence. In virtue of that very decision, it obligated itself to be as universal in one as it professed to be in the other. It had elected to ignore the Holy See for political reasons: it can find no plausible ground for continuing the boycott in the social, moral or intellectual field. It cannot pretend to be unaware of our Catholic institutions, our social organizations, our great charitable foundations, our schools and universities. Moreover it cannot, where Catholics are concerned, be guided by its action toward the same bodies outside the Church. It cannot make the same general appeal to Catholics as to Protestants. In the former case, the consent is necessary, at least by implication, of the Holy See. If it wishes coöperation from Catholics to be effective, it must have the official support of the Vatican. Without this, all its decisions will remain a dead letter.

As we have already said, the immediate consequence to the League of Nations of continuing to ignore the Holy See is of a moral sort. But there is also a very practical consequence—namely, the loss of Catholic support. It is in the highest interests of the League to seek official relations with Rome. Catholics are waiting patiently for it to take the first step to bring such relations about.

For its present attitude has succeeded in complicating the attitude of Catholics toward it from the very start. To employ a colloquial expression, we do not, up to now, know on which foot to get off. The theory of a League of Nations is an idea too intrinsically Catholic not to arouse our sympathies. But in its actual practice the League perplexes us. We are unable to ignore its existence, were it only that the due defense of Catholic institutions forbids such an attitude. The League is a fact; it exists, it is working. We cannot be blind to what it is trying to accomplish, nor resign ourselves to an indefinite renunciation of Catholic action within its body when that of Protestantism, of Socialism, of Freemasonry, is so marked. To fight it would be unjust, though perhaps less foolish than to affect to ignore it. What are we to do?

The problem is not insoluble, and the Catholic Union of International Study has shown how it may be solved.

From its very inception, the Union has supported the theory of a society of nations, not because it came

from the brain of the late President Wilson or of Leon Bourgeois, but because it proceeds from the Church, and has been already laid down by Saint Augustine, by Saint Thomas, by Innocent III, by Joseph de Maistre, by Benedict XV. Faced with facts, the Union has shown itself objective and critical. While endorsing the League of Nations in so far as it has worked for good, it has fought every step of what it considers evil. Above all, it has remained absolutely independent in its actions and opinions. It has carefully refrained from any sort of propaganda in favor of the League among Catholic circles. It has made a point of never compromising ecclesiastical authority. It is aware that, at the present moment, Catholics must act upon their own responsibility—

strictly as individuals—and without involving anyone save themselves.

At the same time, the Catholics in the Union are quite aware of the many drawbacks of this attitude. They feel all the inconvenience that attaches to anything that is uncertain and provisional. They find their activity constantly fettered. Delays often occur when the case is calling for speedy action. Certain positions have been lost. Others which could have been occupied are left untenanted. We must be frank and admit that the situation of Catholics is far less favorable than it was up to the year 1924. And this for the reason that their adversaries have rallied, re-organized their forces, and are conducting a much more violent offensive, upon a greatly extended front.

PAPEBROCH, PRINCE OF BOLLANDISTS

By CATHERINE M. JONES

HAGIOGRAPHY has a dull sound. The not-very-well-informed layman inquires from the depths of his refreshing ignorance, "What is it?"

He discovers that it is that branch of historical science which has for its object the saints, their worship and the literature concerning them.

This information is hardly intriguing. The average "modern" does not yearn after the society of saints. Perhaps, with a certain novelist much in vogue, he has analyzed virtue as "one-third impotence and two-thirds fiction." The saints and their liturgy he expects to find covered with the dust of antiquity and clouded by the credulity of the middle-ages, and he is inclined to discard them along with other surplus cargo of mediaevalism.

The popular mind of the twentieth century has a flair for color. It orders its romance garnished with realism and substantiated occasionally by science. What it does not suspect is that hagiography can fill its order. The dust of antiquity is indeed upon the pages but it is a dust which scintillates with the brilliance of pagan hero-worship stripped of its tawdriness and substituting worthy subjects who have proven that the Christian idea of sanctity is a thing of practical beauty and variegated color.

The credulity of the middle-ages? Outside of scholastic circles it assuredly existed but it was not essentially the credulity of the stupid; it was the credulity of an imaginative people quarrying much of the foundation for future literary forms, the novel, the tale, the short story, out of romantic material which they had at hand. These tales and romances woven around characters and events, real or imaginary, gave to their simple faith a certain emotional stimulation and to their minds a clearer understanding of spiritual values.

Some hagiographical material is admittedly purely

fictitious, and by a genuine critical process of investigation is labeled as such. That a people still in its adolescence accepted such tales as true is no tragedy when we consider that in most cases they brought home to their hearts some sublime truth. For example, Count de Maistre relates the incident of the saint who was said to have had a vision in which he saw Satan standing at the throne of God. Listening, the saint heard the evil one say:

"Why hast Thou damned me, I who only offended against Thee once, whereas Thou hast saved thousands of men who have offended against Thee many times?"

And God replied,

"Hast thou asked for pardon even once?"

In such tales dramatic truth is contained whether the saint in question ever existed or not.

But there are vast materials of hagiographic nature which can be substantiated by critical science. The "modern" is surprised to find realism which is at once thrilling and romantic. Even suppose his taste has been so popularized by the cinema that he demands a "leading man and a big fight." Again hagiography is surprisingly up-to-date. There is a fight. The fight of a splendid body of men represented by a worthy leader against accumulated traditions and preconceived ideas, against false pride and narrow mental complacency. The brave knight is Daniel Papebroch: the lady for whom he does battle is Truth.

The men who have done the most notable work in the field of hagiography are a group of Jesuit scholars called the Bollandists. Their work was begun in 1603 at Antwerp by a Father Rosweyde whose plan was to publish eventually eighteen folio volumes containing the feasts of Christ, the Blessed Virgin and the saints. All this Rosweyde, and after him Bollandus, thought to accomplish in their lifetimes. So it was that "a great illusion proved to be the beginning of a noble work." Nearly four centuries have passed and

the work is still incomplete and still in process of fuller expansion and deep research.

Rosweyde died in 1629 and was succeeded by John Bollandus, from whom the organization derived its name. Bollandus saw the necessity of gathering reference material from the four corners of the earth, he glimpsed the magnitude of the undertaking and asked for and was granted an assistant, a former pupil and brilliant young scholar, Henchenius.

As the mutual conception and enthusiasm for their work grew in the minds of master and pupil, they soon saw the need of further assistance. This was granted them in the person of the young priest, Daniel Papebroch. He too had been a former devoted pupil of Bollandus and he brought to his work a deep loyalty and fresh enthusiasm, an unusual fund of industry and a keen critical sense. He was born of a wealthy family of Antwerp, who must have been also deeply religious as three sons entered the Society of Jesus and two daughters became nuns.

Daniel was educated at the Jesuit seminary of Antwerp, was an intelligent student and especially brilliant in the humanities. He entered the Society in 1646 and was ordained in 1658. A year later he was appointed assistant to Bollandus.

Bollandus had been invited to Rome by Pope Alexander VII to make use of the Vatican library. Being physically unable to endure the hardships of travel, he sent in his place his two assistants, Henchenius and Papebroch. So it was that Papebroch's career as a Bollandist began with a twenty-nine-month journey through Germany, Italy and France, during which they visited many libraries and brought back many and enormously valuable manuscripts and bibliographies.

Up to this time the great production of the Bollandists, termed the *Acta Sanctorum*, had proceeded through five volumes and had dealt with saints and feasts of the months of January and February. Papebroch's name appears for the first time in the three volumes for March. It happened strangely that the first task assigned the new apprentice by Bollandus and Henchenius was the editing of the life of Saint Patrick, on whose feast Papebroch had been born.

In spite of the great uncertainty of most of the facts of the life of Saint Patrick and the disorder in which all records of him were to be found, Papebroch, beginning his hagiographic noviceship, produced a perfect work . . . and of such a quality was all that immense amount of work which, during the length of fifty-four years, he was engaged in editing.

Nor were these fifty-four years a period of secluded and undisturbed industry. A storm was brewing, a period of ordeal for the Bollandists was at hand. Upon Papebroch, man of plain speech, of deep faith and courage, fell the challenge of their adversaries.

To comprehend the struggle and the glory of the victory one must recall the primitive and mediaeval state of the popular mind toward the cult of saints.

Unfortunately there existed in the minds of many of the faithful a trust which was akin to credulity, a faith which oftentimes bordered on superstition. Mental responsibilities were dormant and many pious illusions had taken root in the hearts of the people.

This fundamentally was the delicate problem facing the Bollandists: How was it to be made clear to the faithful that the authority of the Church was not responsible for certain vagaries? The lives and acts of the saints were in no wise dogmatic, yet in unenlightened circles they had been so interwoven with doctrine that it required consummate tact to destroy certain preconceived ideas without disturbing underlying faith.

It has always been dangerous to attack tradition. For timid minds this fact caused doubts as to the wisdom of applying scientific principles in hagiography. But the intellectual champions of the faith of Christ have never allowed such timidity to retard mental and scientific progress.

The Bollandists resolutely faced their problem. They veiled no truth and paid homage to no illusions. They curbed all harshness and moderated expressions, but when the inevitable challenge was thrown at Papebroch he met it fearlessly. When the attacks were of a petty personal nature he was humbly impassive. When they attacked the integrity of his faith, he fought with all the inspired courage of a soldier of Christ.

In their investigations the Bollandists had discovered many historical errors and often actual frauds in the cult of the saints. In many cases popular relics were declared spurious. Many stories were branded as legends which the faithful had regarded as literal truth. The tradition of the baptism of Constantine by Pope Sylvester was shown to be a historical error. The "dragons of Saint George" were dissolved into the stuff of insubstantial folk-lore. It was denied that Saint Denis carried his head in his hands after his execution. The passions of certain saints, among them Saint Catherine, Saint Barbara and Saint Hubert, were denied. It was noted that all we know of the Blessed Virgin is contained in the gospel of Saint Luke; such contents are certainly a sublime justification for our undying devotion to her, but the faithful of those days had cherished legends concerning the Mother of Christ, historically unfounded convictions such as the belief that churches had been dedicated to her in the first and second centuries. Monasticism was not admitted to have originated in the early persecutions of the Church, nor Saint Fronton, in 150 A. D., to have been the spiritual father of seventy monks.

The opposition to these departures from tradition, brewing for some time in secret, finally burst into an explosion of wrath after the publication of the first April volume of the *Acta Sanctorum*. The nucleus of the controversy was the question of the antiquity of the Carmelite order. Investigation had proved to the Bollandists that the tradition concerning the foundation of the order by the prophet Elias was historically

untrue. The occasion for dealing with the subject fell to Papebroch in his elucidations of the Acts of Saint Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the author of the Carmelite rule.

Upon his denial of the cherished illusion of their antiquity, the Carmelites, in the person of their provincial Sebastian de Saint Paul, rose up in violent accusation against any person rash enough to question the claims of their order. Popular indignation was aroused and a volley of abusive pamphlets and insulting lampoons was hurled at Papebroch.

The chief of the adversaries, Sebastian, drew up a list of violent accusations, *Exhibitio Errorum*, in which Papebroch was claimed to have "ravaged the fields of sacred learning." The method of Sebastian was one of passionate violence containing "mutilated quotations, malevolent insinuations, suspicions of heresy, malicious hints."

The charges were insidiously brought to the notice of the Spanish Inquisition which forthwith placed the *Acta Sanctorum* under grave censure and forbade the reading and sale of the volumes (in Spain) under penalty of excommunication and fines.

This challenge to his Catholic faith induced Papebroch to justify himself and to uphold the impugned honor of the Bollandists. He wrote his *Responsio ad Exhibitionem Errorum*, in which he "completely and successfully answers each charge, with great care and kindness, with deep erudition and a calm style." His defense was forwarded to the Grand Inquisitor with a request that the heretical propositions referred to in the decree should be pointed out to him. He declared, with characteristic dignity and humility, that he was ready to retract any statement in his editions which could not be interpreted in an orthodox way. This communication lay for a year unanswered.

Encouraged by their success in Spain, Papebroch's calumniators brought their accusations to Rome. Added to his trials during this period Papebroch's health was failing and he was afflicted with cataracts which were fast obscuring his vision. Conrad Janninck, a brilliant new assistant, came to the defense of the enfeebled master and went to Rome in his stead to meet the congregation of Cardinals and to explain the point objected to by the Inquisition. He insisted that the Holy Office should point out the "heresies" in the condemned books and that if none were found a public statement should be made to that effect. Although he received confirmation that the Spanish censure would not be confirmed at Rome, no one was inclined publicly to disavow the decree of the Inquisition.

The unsuccessful effort in this regard was a keen sorrow to Papebroch to whom it was a veritable martyrdom to endure attacks against the purity of his faith. In 1701, completely blinded and thought to be at the point of death, he dictated his "last will" in which he begged Pope Clement XI to suspend the decree which condemned his books as heretical. This statement was an inspiring profession of faith:

. . . . Catholicus vixi, Catholicus mori volo per gratiam Dei, et jus habeo, ut Catholicus quoque moriar in opinione hominum.

This illness however did not prove fatal. Not only did Papebroch recover sufficient strength to continue his work, but his sight was completely restored by an operation and he had the joy of pursuing his hagiographic research for nearly fourteen years more.

The controversy still smoldered beneath the surface of resumed activity. The interesting question raised by Sebastian as to the use of the "revelations" of saints in accurate historical investigation was declared by the more enlightened to be an absurd tenet. Papebroch had long since pronounced the visions and apparitions of saints to be in many cases unreliable and in any case no substantiation of historical reality. At least four saints had described the crucifixion of Christ and no two of the "visions" were identical. Yet just such material was regarded by the popular mentality as authentic criteria. Such old complacencies are slow to die. And so it was that they continued to hurl themselves like so many stinging weapons against the courage and patience of Papebroch, himself "*veri tenax, non tamen pertinax*"—zealous for truth, still not obstinate.

Father Janninck continued to labor for the revocation of the Spanish decree. Finally it was learned that Father Cassani, professor at Madrid and "qualifactor" to the Holy Office, was ready to take up the cause of the hagiographers. Because of delicate political conditions the Roman court was reluctant to force affairs with the Spanish Inquisition and it was not until 1715 that Papebroch was completely rehabilitated. By some strange irony, or perhaps by some last privilege to glorify God in Christian humility of spirit, the prince of the Bollandists was not alive to enjoy his worldly triumph. He had died six months before.

In the *Acta Sanctorum*, Tom. VI Junii, there is a letter from Janninck to the superiors of the Society of Jesus concerning the death of Papebroch. In it the successor of the great master writes:

No one can be sad in death who has been, in life, a good religious, nor can he be considered to have wholly died who still lives so remarkably in his deeds and writings; and finally one who has, throughout his life, honored God and His saints must be numbered now among those saints in glory—this is our consolation at the death of that fine old man, our one-time master, Daniel Papebroch.

A brother religious who was present at the deathbed has left a quaint and touching account of the aged man's death:

Then, just before sunrise, the signs of approaching death began to appear. I began, with the brother infirmarian to beg, on bended knee, divine assistance for the dying man. . . . During those prayers in the presence of many who had been called in the meantime, he peacefully breathed his last, at break of day, his soul being led (as we may justly believe) by all the saints whom he had so well served into the sight of the Most High Who glorifies those who give Him glory.

A PAN-AMERICAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS

THE following plan for the holding of a Pan-American Catholic Congress is laid before our readers in the hope that it may stimulate an energetic discussion as a result of which its desirability may be determined.

In view of the altogether extraordinary interest aroused in Pan-American relations by the appointment of Ambassador Morrow to Mexico, by Colonel Lindbergh's flight, and by the attendance at the sixth international conference of the Pan-American Union in Havana of President Coolidge, Secretary of State Kellogg, Ambassador Morrow, and a highly distinguished United States delegation, we believe that the time is opportune for the Catholics of the various American nations to take their part, in a spirit of practical good-will, in coöperating, so far as they properly may, with their various governments and with other social agencies, in attempting to solve the many grave problems which face all the peoples of North and South and Central America.

There are probably some twenty millions of Catholics in the United States. The Catholics of Canada constitute something like 40 percent of its population. The various Central and South American countries are almost overwhelmingly Catholic. In some of these countries—Mexico is the leading instance—the Catholic Church as an organization has been violently oppressed. In other Latin-American countries the Church and the state carry on their work in amicable relations. In others again the situation, while not so acute as it is in Mexico, is nevertheless disturbed and dangerous.

Catholics in the United States for the most part possess only the vaguest knowledge of political, economic and religious conditions in Latin-American countries. Latin Americans, on the other hand, probably have still less knowledge of the condition of the Catholic Church in the United States, and of how its progress as an organization has prospered through the absolute separation of Church and state.

For these reasons and many others that might be stated, the good results that might follow the organization of a Pan-American Catholic Congress are incalculable.

The plan for such a Congress was drawn up by the late Dr. Julio Betancourt, who placed it in the hands of *The Commonweal* several years ago. Dr. Betancourt has since died. He was a distinguished diplomat, a citizen of Colombia, who had served his country as minister to Spain, the United States and the Vatican. Dr. Betancourt did not consider the time ripe for publicity up to the time of his death. The plan was laid before many distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen in both North and South America, many of whom expressed belief in the value of the idea, but no steps have yet been taken to put it into effect.

It should be remembered that the plan as given was drawn up while the world war was still in progress and was designed, therefore, to deal with the disturbed conditions which inevitably would follow the great conflict. Those disturbed conditions, together with other factors that existed before the war or which have come into activity since its close, render the necessity for some such coöperation of the Catholics of the American continents more necessary today than when first suggested.

In conclusion, it should also be clearly borne in mind that the plan, as conceived by Dr. Betancourt and as now published by *The Commonweal*, is in no sense ecclesiastically official. It is the conception of a layman. It has not received even the formal approval of Church authorities.

The *Commonweal* earnestly requests its readers to express their opinions of this project, outlined below in some detail, in letters intended for our correspondence pages:

A Plan for the Celebration of a Congress of the Catholic Americas

I. Organization

President—the apostolic delegate.

An executive committee.

A committee on general organization.

Committees on programs, resolutions, etc.

Special committees on appeal, procedure and authority for future sessions of the Catholic Congress.

Committee on receptions and personal arrangements.

Different sub-committees on guests, functions, excursions, etc.

II. Scope and Function

We propose to effect the meeting of a Congress of the Catholic Americas.

In this great assembly we would have official representatives of all the American republics, Canada and the colonies possessed on this hemisphere by the United States.

The presiding officer of the Congress should be the apostolic delegate.

The initial work of the organization will be completed in as brief a time as possible by the American prelates, priests and prominent laymen under the actual direction of the archbishop within whose particular city the sessions of the Congress shall be arranged to take place.

The difficulties and needs (which are crying) of the present moment call upon Catholics to organize for the purpose of formulating a program of action for practically supporting the Holy Father in his sacred mission of reëstablishing Christian order.

The Catholic Congress, while dealing with questions within its sphere of the spiritual life, would also undertake to study the methods and proceedings best calculated to establish on strong and durable foundations the union and solidarity of Catholics, in whatever refers to their temporal interests and the development of their civic

prosperity, and to endeavor to bind together intimately their relations among the American republics so as to procure the guarantee of peace among all, and their progress and mutual well-being.

The Congress shall devote special attention to the judicial questions regarding the Church and the study of plans leading to the proper settlement of social problems. The Congress shall also study the means to be adopted by Catholic Americans to fulfil their obligations toward the Catholic missionaries not only on this hemisphere but in Asia and Africa as well.

In brief, the work of the Catholic Congress shall be in every sense in accord with the highest civilization.

We entertain the hope that all who profess the Catholic faith will welcome this project and will labor earnestly to realize it.

When the Zionists of the United States and other countries can organize definitely to bring about their supreme aspiration of establishing in Palestine a free Jewish state, it seems that we Catholics cannot be excused from gathering up our forces so that the Church may fulfill her divine mission in restoring the moral bases of social and international life. If the Hebrews of the United States have been able to collect millions of dollars and to send representatives to the different allied nations in favor of the Zionist program, with much greater reason and greater ease should the seventy millions of Catholics living on the hemisphere of Columbus bring to a happy realization the project we announce for the benefit of all mankind.

Once our forces are organized with a careful foresight—leaving nothing to chance nor postponing the duty of today until tomorrow—we shall strive to affirm by every human means and with the Divine assistance, the leadership and social sovereignty of Jesus Christ, Who is the fountain of good, of peace, of progress, of all civilization that is true and complete.

It is our most fervent desire that in America as well as in all the world, homage be given to the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind, and that His teachings be faithfully practised.

III. Discussions

1. The work of the Church. The civilizing mission to be undertaken by America.
2. The intimate and permanent union of the Catholics of the Americas. The most effectual means to be employed.
3. The juridical position of the Church.
 - a. National problems.
 - b. The Church and international treaties.
 - c. The position of the Holy Father.
4. The Church and the organization of secular activities.
 - a. The Church and education. Educational congresses. The relations between teachers and pupils.
 - b. The Church and charity. Social works according to the Gospel.
 - c. Divorce. Consideration of modern theories on the family.
 - d. Social legislation.
5. The question of Catholic missions, in America and other parts of the world, wherever it may be necessary to spread the light of truth.
6. The Church in America and the sciences.
 - a. Theology.
 - b. Philosophy.
 - c. History.
 - d. Natural sciences.
7. Methods and procedures for establishing economic union among the Catholics of the Americas.
 - a. Development of industries and commerce.
 - b. Facilities for communication.
 - c. Functions of the press.

ON THE REREADING OF BOOKS

By GUSTAV DAVIDSON

IT USED to be said "In literature, read the oldest; in science, the newest." But, apparently, we have forgotten the first half of the adage. Emerson's three practical rules also are sadly in need of dusting today.

Indeed, at a time when an already dyspeptic and purblind consumer is expected to eat up a hundred or more new books a day without disgorging, while his cry "Enough!" (sounding all the way from the days of Seneca) is valiantly shouted down by the stentorian legates of the publishing fraternity, the question of reading the old books seems obsolete, if not moribund. How much more untimely, therefore, and inadvisable must appear the question of the rereading of books! And yet, to any serious reader—if this genus is still extant—such a question must constantly be bobbing up to trouble his not-too-easy conscience and test his not-too-disciplined memory.

And especially will this be the case when he is con-

fronted with the problem of tackling either of two books: (1) a classic that he may have read years ago and only fractionally digested, and (2) a recently published, well recommended (let us say) but as yet uncanonized volume. Now, to which of these books, if there is time for only one, should the serious reader give his vote? From which is he apt to derive most profit? A fresh contact argues, *ex necessitate rei*, a sure and immediate enrichment. But an old contact, imperfectly consummated when originally made, may prove, when negotiated anew with all the subtleties garnered, of even greater value. In a strict sense, therefore, the question of the rereading of books is more vital today than it was when Montaigne considered it, or Richard of Aungervyle, or Oliver Goldsmith, or Carlyle, or other readers of their ilk, despite the fact that people have got into the habit of dodging the question or relegating it to the illuminati for their disposal. Hazlitt's slogan urging us to read an old

book whenever a new one comes out, may be paraphrased (to suit our purposes) into: "Whenever a new book comes out, reread an old one." And if a proper campaign with fife, flag and drum is launched, the rereading of books may yet attain some day to the dignity of a vogue.

To exhort, abet and literally club us into the reading of books just off the press there is no end of loud speakers: the authors themselves, and their dubious belittlings of their own accomplishments; the publishers, and their third-person blurbs on jacket and in advertisement; the book salesmen, and their spendthrift dispensations of "masterpieces"; the literary guilds and their ex cathedra pronunciamientos; the book reviewers and their, even in the worst cases, quotable paragraphs.

To hearten us to a reading of the classics, we have an equally impressive though perhaps less cogent cohort: the curricula at the various seats of learning; the syndicated dicta of multiple-degreed octogenarians; the irrepressible, de luxe, popular-sacrifice, with-magazine-subscription-one-dollar, black-and-gold, indigo-and-green, lavender-and-lapis-lazuli editions; the Russian hound classics, the unicorn classics, the university classics, the Loeb library, the Bohn library, Everyman's library, and countless other compendiums and libraries ad nauseam. There are also the five-foot shelves, the Carnegie shelves, the Y.M.C.A., K. of C., Elks, Masons, Rotarian, Menorah and B'nai B'rith shelves; lists of the hundred best, the fifty best, the twenty best, the ten best, the five best books, and so on down ad internecionem. An inescapable cordon!

But—and here it is where our righteous indignation has its inning—for the encouragement of the rereading of books, there is at present neither friendly admonishment nor authoritative fiat; neither moral obligation nor Gerry Society; neither women's sewing circle nor any description of advancement of learning troupe. Nothing at all!

In this respect, those of us who have read and remember their Charles Lamb or Waldo Emerson will acknowledge readily that the remissness of our own generation is much more alarming than it was in theirs. And so, in sincere if belated contrition, and in order to fill up the void in the otherwise cultural density of our nation, I propose the establishment of a government-subsidized Rereading Guild. This Guild, if it is to have any standing with that sovereign individual, the average man, should start off with at least 100,000 subscribers and have on its advisory board one minister, one scientist, one educator, one man of letters, one C.P.A., one business consultant, one publicist—and one man who thinks.

The experiences of kindred organizations in the field will serve to show the Rereading Guild how it might best function. It goes without saying, however, that the Guild will have to adopt a system of questionnaires, bulletins, pamphlets, etc., for periodic sub-

mission to its subscribers. By means of these it will be able to ascertain in the simplest and most painless manner what the particular ailment of the particular book-reading delinquent happens to be, and decide on the proper medication. This system will also serve to establish a rapport between Guild and subscriber, the sine qua non of all successful correspondence courses. Personal correspondence, however, should be peremptorily discouraged at the outset. Otherwise this department alone will, like a succubus, drain off the blood-energies from all the others.

A sample preliminary questionnaire might compose itself as follows:

1. What is your present age?
2. Are you single or married?
3. At about what age did you leave off reading Henty (or Alcott, as the case may be) and commence on what are popularly referred to as the classics?
4. Do you purchase, borrow or purloin the books you read?
5. Are you a writer yourself, or have you any other grievance against the world?
6. Name twelve books, regardless of their literary merit, that you most enjoyed reading.
7. List below, against each department, the most important classic you have read, giving the age when read, and whether it was forced on you or not:

	Age when Read	Forced or Not
Biography		
History		
Travel and Adventure		
Mystery and Horror		
Humor		
Science		
Fiction		
Poetry		
Philosophy		
Drama		
Religion		

When the questionnaire is returned, the board or committee in charge will be in a fairly favorable position for deciding whether the patient-subscriber is in need of simple doctoring or an immediate operation on his frontal lobes. In the former case a pamphlet might be sent him substituting the titles of books he should have read at the age when he read those he did, but advising at the same time when he might reread with the most profit and entertainment the books read out of the proper time. In the case where an immediate operation appears to be imperative, the committee should immediately place the patient on a rigid regimen of alternating questionnaire, bulletin and pamphlet—two a week for fifty-two weeks—until his condition is restored to Guild-normal. After that the regular literature may be mailed out.

Pamphlets listing books in the various fields of human endeavor and their proper reading-time should be issued at bi-weekly intervals, or oftener. A general syllabus should precede the issuance of these pamphlets

and might be framed in some such wise as is indicated by the following carefully excogitated outline:

Travel, Fables, Adventure Stories, Humor
Should be read between the ages of 10 and 25
" " reread " " " " 50 " 65
(For specific instances and exceptions, write for
Special Bulletin SoS-3)

Biography, History, Philosophy, Drama,
Psychological Novels
Should be read between the ages of 25 and 35
" " reread " " " " 40 " 55
(For specific instances and exceptions, write
for Chart QeD-2a)

Popular Fiction, Detective, Mystery and Horror,
Charades and Puzzle Books
Should be read between the ages of 6 and 9
(Need not be reread except on trains to Yonkers,
subway platforms, and in hospitals during convales-
cence. However, write for Bulletin ZZZ-1 for
specific instances and exceptions)

Science
Should be read between the ages of 14 and 39
(Reread for reference. See Special Memos X-7Y-B,
X-7Y-C, and X-7Y-D)

Poetry
Should be read during adolescence and amorous
infelicity
Reread after 70
(Write for Bulletin H20 for specific applications)

Religion
The Bible
Should be read between the ages of
6 and 16 (as duty)
16 " 35 (for disconcerting our elders)
35 " 60 (for quotation and disputation)
60 " 89 (for consolation)
Essays on
Should be read after 40 and before 90
" " reread for Ph.D. and D.D. preliminaries
(See Tract Y-9-G for specific instances)

There will, of course, be isolated books that come under no department or classification. These should have a special bulletin: likewise books which ought to be reread every five years or so to be thoroughly mis-understood, like Blake's poems; the conclusions of Hegel; Hamlet; Nietzsche; and Einstein. Then there are books that should never be reread, such as *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, *Roger de Coverley*, *Moore's Confession of a Young Man*, *Lorna Doone*, *Lady or Tiger*, etc. For these, too, a special bulletin is requisite. As for the voluminous erotica items, the rereading of which is admittedly debatable, a personal course in euphemistic interpretation might be given covering the mildest of them; and one in enlightened Bowdleriza-tion to save the irredeemable specimens.

Where a subscriber reveals himself as an incurable tramp-reader, and where it appears that no systematic training will break him from his sporadicities, a cer-tificate of expulsion in Latin, signed by president and dean, should be issued to him, certifying to his incom-petency to derive any benefit from the treatment, and carrying with it a cash refund for the unearned portion of his investment.

Inevitably the Guild will have to deal with persons who insist on their own predetermined opinions as to the proper reading and rereading time for certain books. A separate circular-letter department to handle the formidable correspondence on this score should be established.

Cranks who believe that once they have read a book, their obligations toward it are forever, ipso facto, discharged, will of course be averse to joining. How-ever, a kind of Salvation Army campaign might be started to disabuse these cranks of their bias. Such creatures, if they are finally induced to join, should at the beginning be charged half and medicated double until the Guild-virus is permanently lodged and active.

Once the Guild commences functioning, hundreds of problems now unforeseen will no doubt rise to perplex and harass it; but with an able staff there is no reason why every ailment, in book-reading as in corpus humanorum, should not be found to have its special cure and vibration—as a certain M.D. proved latterly to the unanimous dissatisfaction of the medical world.

Holy Communion in Childhood

How sweet that night to lie tucked in
Between the sheets, absolved of sin;

To look outside upon the snow
And hear my mother down below;

So soon to feel her gentle hand
And quickly wake, and understand;

Half sleepily to rise and go,
A pilgrim over ice and snow.

Our swinging lantern in the dark
Soon met another valiant spark.

The church aglow with welcoming light
Was heaven and angels to my sight—

The people, rich and poor, all came
So willingly in His Sweet Name.

One woman lived beyond the town,
High from the mountain she came down—

She must have risen at night, and came
So willingly in His Sweet Name.

Then in a factory worked all day,
I heard my mother softly say—

But first received the Sacred Host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

ELEANOR C. KOENIG.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Paris Bound

MR. PHILIP BARRY, whose ill-starred talent has produced chiefly such interesting failures as *In a Garden*, *White Wings* and *John*, has at last scored a hit. His latest play, *Paris Bound*, produced by Arthur Hopkins with stage settings by Robert Edmond Jones, has just the touch of reality and genuine feeling which Barry's earlier plays lacked, and manages to provide a diverting and occasionally poignant evening in the theatre. It is, of course, a confusing play—so confusing, in fact, that one famous newspaper critic excludes it from competition for the Pulitzer Prize on the ground that it upholds adultery. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind. It simply tries to make clear, in human terms, that a momentary weakness leading to adultery should not be sufficient grounds for immediate divorce. It states very clearly that marriage is a much greater thing than the merely physical relationship of man and wife, and that the companionship of years and the responsibility toward children should not be discarded in an instant.

On the other hand, Mr. Barry has opened himself to criticism by his method of handling the subject. The reasons he gives for maintaining the marriage union, in spite of infidelity, are essentially emotional reasons. He is, of course, writing for a mixed audience with very confused moral standards, and for this reason it may be part of his deliberate intention to seek a common ground for argument. This leads him, nevertheless, into many bypaths and into an explanation of infidelity which undoubtedly seems to make light of the sin of adultery itself. When you try to show that a man may be unfaithful to his wife, under stress of temptation, and at the same time remain deeply in love with her and a devoted husband, you are certainly treading on dangerous ground and it is not at all surprising if at least half of your audience goes away with the idea that you are justifying adultery on the grounds that it is not a very serious offense.

Certainly no one who shares the belief that marriage is a life-long partnership for better or for worse can disagree with Mr. Barry's main theme. Understanding and forgiveness have saved thousands of marriages that were headed for the rocks. But it is one thing to argue this as a principle and quite another to argue it merely as a controlling emotion. Mr. Barry's wandering hero shows no signs whatever of remorse or of any consciousness that he has been unfair. This is what lends color to the assumption that Mr. Barry is upholding adultery. In his anxiety to show that it is not the only sin against married happiness, he practically flops over to the other side by hinting that it is no offense at all, or at the most a very slight one.

We might summarize the play by saying that it is a good point very poorly made. It advocates the right course of action, but for the wrong reason. It is somewhat like saying that society should be merciful to a certain thief, not because all justice should be tempered by mercy, but because the particular thief happened to have stolen from a rich man who wouldn't feel the loss very much. The parallel, in fact, is rather close, because Mr. Barry uses the object lesson of a particularly happy and devoted marriage from which the infidelity in question robs only a part of its beauty. There is a strong implication that if the marriage were otherwise less

perfect, this particular climax might have been grounds for the inevitable divorce after all.

Aside from this cardinal error in handling, the play is entertainingly written as to dialogue and situation, and the characters are quite the most real that Mr. Barry has yet built up. An excellent cast performs with unusual smoothness under the direction of Mr. Hopkins. Miss Madge Kennedy does the most plausible acting of her career, but it is a newcomer to the professional stage, Miss Hope Williams, who contributes in a most original way to the evening by an astonishingly individual characterization of a bachelor girl and friend of the family. It is too bad that Mr. Barry has done so much good playwriting in a mood of confused moral values. (At the Music Box.)

The Royal Family

FEW plays have enjoyed such wide heralding as this satire of the private life of a prominent theatrical family. For weeks everyone has been saying that George Kaufman and Edna Ferber have been guilty of no less an atrocity than lampooning the famous Drew-Barrymore tribe. Various actors and actresses are even supposed to have refused parts in this play on the grounds that they did not wish to offend the aristocrats of the American stage. Much of this talk, however, can be set down as little more than cleverly engineered press-agenting. For the play itself is rather innocuous and in spite of many amusing moments has little in it to whet the appetite of scandal-seekers. The household of four generations, around which the action centers, is neither more nor less mad than the public already suspects such people to be. If some of the incidents in it are based upon real happenings to which the authors had access, then we may properly question their good taste in making use of the material. But for the most part the situations are so very familiar to anyone who knows the lives of actors even at second-hand, that they might perfectly well have been written out of thin air.

The royal family in question is that of Cavendish. There is a Fanny Cavendish, tottering on the edge of the grave, but with an unflagging will power that drives her even in the face of illness to make preparations for an extended road tour. There is Julie Cavendish, with an established salary of \$1,500 a week, who is the accepted leader of the New York stage. There is her brother, Tony Cavendish, who has been going to give up the theatre ever since he played *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and who has, at the opening of the play, forsaken the legitimate stage for the motion pictures. Then too, there is Julie's daughter, Gwen, who is about to make her debut, and in the last act, Gwen's infant son, who is solemnly hailed as the forthcoming greatest actor in America. There is also the patient emerald king, who has wanted to marry Julie for the last twenty years, and the perturbed Perry Stewart who marries Gwen, thinking she is going to forsake the stage, only to find, after the birth of their child, that she cannot resist a brief engagement with the Theatre Guild. Add to this an uncle, Herbert Dean, and his wife, who always insists on playing his leads, thereby giving him an alibi for the failure of his plays, and you have, as anyone can see, material enough for vast confusion and all the mad irresponsibility which the public likes to think governs the lives of actors.

One difficulty in staging a play of this sort is to find actors

sufficiently good to take the parts of the glamorous people they are supposed to represent. In spite of Otto Kruger's brilliant rendition of Tony Cavendish, we could never quite picture him as the "great lover" of the screen or the theatrical idol over whom Balkan princesses have lost their heads. In the same way Ann Andrews, in spite of being a capable actress, never quite catches the glamour of greatness. It is Haidee Wright, as old Fanny Cavendish, who carries the burden of conviction best. She is herself an actress of the so-called "old school," and fits with glove-like precision into the haughty tradition she is meant to convey.

In brief, one cannot help feeling that Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber have written a play with many possibilities which the present cast fails to realize. The theatrical value of several of the scenes and situations is high and biting. The troubles of Tony Cavendish form in themselves something of a Byronic epic. The play is good entertainment throughout. All it lacks is that particular glamour which only the best of actors could possibly bestow upon what are supposed to be the finest players of the American theatre. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

Peripherie

HAVING showered New York with three spectacles, produced in the vast spaces of the Century Theatre, Max Reinhardt has now moved his troupe of German actors to the more intimate confines of the Cosmopolitan Theatre, and is engaged in presenting a series of so-called straight plays, tinged with the modernistic feeling. The first of these is *Peripherie* by Franktisek Langer—a play formerly adapted and presented in English in this country (but not in New York) under the name of *The Ragged Edge*. It is a play of considerable power and rich human insight, dealing with characters living on that thin edge of misery in the outskirts of a great city. It has moments of gross and brutal sensuality, but is tempered by other passages of fine understanding and by a primitive philosophy which is somehow brought to dramatic life. It is one of the most successful plays I have seen in the modern or episodic manner and not a little of the credit for its effectiveness must go to the amazingly skilful acting of Mr. Reinhardt's group.

The theme of the play is the human need of confession. In a fit of jealous rage and without intent to kill, a man commits a murder. He manages to escape all suspicion, but the knowledge of what he has done begins to gnaw inward. He must tell his guilt to purge the restlessness of his soul. But no one will believe him. Even the police turn him out as a madman when he comes to make a confession. At last he meets a cracked-brained beggar who was once a judge, and who took to drink because his mind could never reconcile human justice and the perfection of divine justice. This man consents to "try" the case—and the murderer goes away consoled, clinging to the woman for whose sake he had committed the crime, and in spite of his discovery that she is only a woman of the streets. There is another version of this play with a grotesque and bitter ending, but this was evidently held to be unpalatable for New York audiences. The part of Franzi, the murderer, is played to the hilt by Hermann Thimig, and that of Anna, the woman, with rare subtlety and understanding by Dagny Servaes. The part of the judge, in the hands of Wladimir Sokoloff, achieves high importance, a rich and poignant character study. It is fortunate for our conception of Reinhardt's versatility that we have had this chance to see how understandingly he can direct and stage a play of simple human emotions. (At the Cosmopolitan Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

WELCOMING HIGH WAGES

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Your article *Welcoming High Wages* was very appropriate but brings some thought to the matter of why the American Federation of Labor has not received recognition for something that is credited to a magazine published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York City.

The very words that are used in your article were said by the late Samuel Gompers in an article in the *Forum* in 1897. It was incorporated in a résumé of the effects of the dreadful panic of 1893. Hundreds of thousands of people in the United States were unemployed and destitution was rampant in every industrial community. Mr. Gompers said, "The people of the United States should pass a resolution of thanks to the men and women of organized labor for teaching them a great lesson." "The problem of American industry is not over-production, but under-consumption."

These statements were practically repeated verbatim by James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in the cabinet of President Coolidge in his Labor Day message of 1927.

We find Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors, of the General Electric Company, in an address at Harvard University on June 24, 1927, saying practically the same thing, "Slowly we are learning that low wages for labor do not necessarily mean high profits for capital." "We are learning that an increasing wage level is wholly consistent with a diminishing commodity price level."

Recently, the President of the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. James J. Farrell, assured President Coolidge that his company has no intention of reducing wages, but believed that the prosperity of the country could be best maintained by a high wage policy. These statements are simply related to show that the basic policies of the American Federation of Labor are most conducive in bringing a proper share of the projects of industry to the men and women employed. The high wage policy as established originally in the automobile industry, because of their productive methods, has not explained the great unemployment problem in the city of Detroit where more than one hundred thousand people have been unemployed for more than a year.

The steel mills in Pennsylvania are working three days a week, and yet in the financial columns of the daily press, we find that their books show orders that will compare favorably with the year of 1926. How can we account for this unemployment situation except that the burden of maintaining prices of steel is dependent upon the regulation of the market by limiting the supply? Prices are thus maintained for "cutting melons for investors instead of steady employment for the men and women who labor and make the industry possible."

The contention of organized labor that the unemployment problem is one of the managerial functions has never been properly developed so far as public opinion is concerned. However, it is a pleasure to read of a great industrial leader like Mr. Owen D. Young who agreed with the principles of organized labor in the matter of unemployment when he said in a recent address: "Then too, we must deal with this question of unemployment, which I regard as the greatest economic blot on our capitalistic system. There is no answer except that the managers of business have not yet learned how to make their system function so that men willing and able to work may do so. There is no limit to the consumption of the world. It is limited only in its individual compartments. We cannot

eat more than so much bread or meat. We cannot wear more than so many clothes, and so we may have over-production in individual lines. But, there are innumerable wants of men yet unserved, and as long as culture grows, these wants will out-run our capacity to produce the things to satisfy them. The world does not owe men a living, but business, if it is to fulfill its ideals, owes men an opportunity to earn a living."

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHY THE STUDY CLUB?

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—Having followed with interest the study club question, I am making use of a woman's traditional prerogative, and adding a last word.

I feel in a position to contribute something to the burning question inasmuch as I am an active member of the Spalding Club, organized fifteen years ago in Toledo. This has functioned consistently, with a definite program and a bi-monthly meeting. At each meeting the roll-call is responded to by quotations from the pen of the late lamented Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding, an aphoristic essayist, who is, alas, far too little known by Catholics. Over thirty-five hundred literary nuggets have thus been memorized, which alone is a matter of merit, in familiarizing members of the club with the thought of a great, though neglected, ecclesiastic.

In addition to papers by members, the club frequently entertains celebrities at informal luncheons. One of the most happy of these occasions took place some months ago when one of the distinguished editors of *The Commonwealth* was an honored guest who greatly edified and enlightened the members by giving a scholarly and illuminating talk on the work of the Calvert Associates, as well as on some outstanding national problems. And I would like to add that many of the American public libraries are cooperating effectively with Catholic study clubs by assisting them in the preparation of programs.

I feel with Miss Danforth that these newly organized study groups are not innovations, but "rather the continuance of an interrupted program among American Catholics," and am grateful for her acknowledgment to the cultured Monsignor James F. Loughlin, of Philadelphia, and her reference to his pioneer work in this regard.

SARA KOUNTZ DIETHELM.

"AMERICANISM"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am in receipt of a series of letters from a clergyman who quarrels rather violently with me for my "narrow-minded use of the word American." I did not know that anyone was sufficiently interested in my occasional communications to your correspondence column to fasten upon me a private quarrel.

If anyone but this peculiarly irascible gentleman is interested, may I explain that by "American" I mean anyone at all, no matter what his religious convictions or lack of them, no matter what his racial origins or political views, who subscribes to the principles of political government set up by the founders of the United States as the most useful state form yet devised for the safeguarding of individual and minority rights and the furtherance of religious development unhampered by the political complications which thwarted it in Europe at the time the United States began to take shape. I am quite conscious of

being "narrow-minded" on a number of subjects, and am deliberately so: chief among these being the Catholicity of the Catholic Church and the Catholicity in the same sense, of Americanism.

Americanization, in the sense of turning out citizens indelibly stamped to a pattern, is as distasteful to me as any endeavor, conscious or unconscious, by any minority within the Church to force its peculiar group characteristics upon other groups. Unity and universality of faith and morals and reasoned acceptance of a common headship are the binding force of Catholics, not any "superior" racial or other group characteristics or methods. For Americans, in political matters, the binding force is in reasoned acceptance of the set of political principles which we possess offering the most satisfactory framework for the development of citizenship as well as religion. On these two points I am brazenly narrow-minded and I am completely opposed to encroachment on those two rights. In religion we need no nationalisms of any sort and we do not want them. As citizens we need and claim all those political rights laid down in our fundamental institutions as inalienable.

Both in the Catholic Church and in the American republic there is orderly place for every individual, national group and occupational or social body subscribing to the principles upon which each is founded. Any public comment I have made on these subjects refers to encroachment or danger of encroachment upon inalienable rights.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FRAGMENTS OF BARDSTOWN HISTORY

Lowell, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Since the incident of Bishop Flaget and the presentation of church furnishings and paintings to him by Louis Philippe, king of France, has been exploited, there has been a question raised as to the precedent established when duties upon the material were remitted by Congress in 1832. But this was not the first time that a foreign ruler presented church material to churches or religious dignitaries in America. As early as the sixteenth century, Spanish kings and queens presented material to churches in Mexico, and they were followed by pious noblemen and women in the seventeenth century in Canada and what is now the United States.

As early as 1701, duties were remitted on "European commodities" (presented to the French Huguenot Church in Boston by King William of England) by the provincial assembly of Massachusetts Bay.

All religious denominations have benefited in the United States by the remission of duties on church material, especially when given in the form of a present. Catholic churches have added to the art treasures of the country as a result of this noble provision, from time to time.

G. F. O'DWYER.

HOW PROTESTANTS SEE US

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of December 21, there appeared a letter to the editor from W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University, suggesting that the article on *How Protestants See Us* be followed by another article on *How Catholics See Protestants*. This is the common wish of many of your subscribers in Worcester.

JOHN F. McGRATH.

P O E M S

Introspection

When the dark devil
Under the world
Bowls the red moon up
Into the heavens
And its thin shadows
Chill the earth's slumber
Thin, chilling shadows
Move over my heart.
Sadly, bitterly,
Unwilling and weary,
Myself confronts me.

At night, looking inward,
I am made desolate.

As an old dwelling,
Chilled and deserted,
Sees in the moonlight
Only scarred walls
Empty and ugly—
So in my heart, then,
The walls of my folly,
Scarred and made ugly,
Confront one another.

JAMES LEWIS HAYS.

Winter on the Prairie

The beast is unloosed! Through the seasons of patient,
dispassionate waiting
He has known the slack of the thongs; on his chains he has
seen the rust.
The strength of the bonds that bind him, he has felt their ebb
and abating,
As he lay on his lean white belly, asleep in the autumn dust.
Asleep and adream in the dust; till the last link breaks at his
straining,
And sudden and swift as a spear in welter of warfare hurled,
He leaps! He is free! He has killed! And bondage forever
disdaining,
The great white beast lies panting on the naked breast of the
world.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

Queens

Deirdre was queen of sorrow,
And queen of beauty, Maeve;
Their crumbling cairns look seaward
Across the hollow wave.

Beauty leads but to sorrow
When all is said and done,
So in our hearts' remembrance
These lovely queens are one.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Earth-Bound

Lord, if I dare not sing of seraphs' flaming wings,
Milton's sky-tinctured plumes and Dante's Mystic Rose,
Take then my happy songs of earth's so lovely things
Where my heart finds repose.

My dull sight grows bewildered when it tries to gaze
On the supernal. How should I outstare the sun?
Easier to see, dew-spangled in the woodland ways,
The web the spider spun.

Bloom the fierce blossoms of Thy distant Paradise—
Here weeds like rockets burst to stars; here daisies grow
In feathered grass: rooted like them I rest my eyes
On the dear earth I know.

Is not earth's beauty but a hint of that which flames
Beyond the sun? Didst Thou not leave me here for sign
Lily and mustard-tree and sheep and little lambs,
The wheat-field and the vine?

Birds flash about me, making love and building nests,
And the kind smiling heavens look down upon their love—
Comes there not somehow to my breast, and their small breasts,
The Holy Ghost, the Dove?

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Chicago Skyline

Grey spires are etched against the mist,
The wraith-like mist that hangs between
The sunless, snow-drenched, wintry clouds,
The water's swollen grey and green.

The towers scarcely cleave the mist
Along lake-front where they stand;
The centre of a nation's trade
Seems but a mirrored fairyland.

Is this the end of all the toil
And turmoil of our jostling days:
This picture of the pointed towers,
This fairy city in the haze?

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

Goram Sanctissimo

Ah, Lazarus, who art indeed
That board at which the world is fed,
I cast before Thy Beggar's need
My heart, a crust of bread!

And for those lips that still are heard
To cry, "I thirst, who am the Vine"—
Take, Lord, this song, and at Thy word
Its water shall be wine!

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

BOOKS

The Anonymous Gael

Measgradh Dánta, edited by Tomás O'Rathaille, University of Dublin; published by the Cork University Press.

THE modern anthology must depend on the excellence of its content for its interest, but with old languages there is always at least the adventure of poetry. So often have the poets of old tongues masked themselves in an invisible cloak, that with their poems we are up and away over the moors under the yoke of coupled imaginations. In the case of Irish poems, which are for historical reasons left to us in an almost anonymous condition, and the background of which is for the greater part unperceived as yet, the adventure sometimes becomes a hilarious frolic: a poem to a young woman may come to us as a poem on a young man; of a good poem on Alexander the Great from the Book of the Dean of Lismore we are told by the scholars that "the theme is taken from the supplementary chapter to the *Historia de Proeliis* [the abridged Latin version of the *Pseudo-Callisthenes*] on the sayings of the eight philosophers at Alexander's tomb"—but as to the poet we know nothing and can only barely guess the century he lived in; we get the complexity of ironic poems by the last descendants of centuries of family-poets, in burlesque of equally ironic, if sententious versifiers (the second last descendants of centuries of family-poets) both last and second last of a period and of circumstances when their verse was as local and personal and unimportant as the gossip of some lost corner of Cornwall at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and as unilluminative of the history of contemporary Europe as the history of Europe was, is, and always has been, unilluminative of theirs; we get a poem from a prisoner, whom we do not know, imprisoned where we cannot tell, to friends he does not name, complaining of an offense we can only guess at; or we get poems not older than the seventeenth century modestly ascribed by the poet to Deirdre, or Columcille, or Ossian, who, if they ever lived, lived twelve to fourteen hundred years before.

What a mad adventure for the poems—what a sweaty adventure for the scholar who digs them out of the tomb! Yet as with the continental, mediaeval romances, this quality of anonymity does not in Irish poetry interfere in the least with the enjoyment of the content, the craft. All Irish poetry is really old, its delightful personal fragrance mingles in the nostrils with the amaranth and myrtle of the urn, and the last wafts of the smells of the pyre, the larch, the cypress, the odorous yew.

Yet the cynicism and irony of the previous volume published by the Cork University Press (*Danta Grádha*, 1925) fruit of a blending of bloods in centuries of wealth and comparative ease, have for the most part coarsened here into an unsubtle tradition. Some beautiful songs there are. But the bulk of this book was not, as was the volume of love poems, the reflection of a civilization; rather they are sad songs of the exiled and despoiled, men lost in a fog of time, and that most frequent image of the later Irish poetry, "I am an Ossian after the Fian have gone"—Arthur without his Table—recurs again in this collection several times. We have in the list a Poem on the Ruins of Donegal Castle (Red Hugh O'Donnell had battered it down rather than let it fall into the hands of the English from whom the ill-equipped kerns would have never recovered it, once lost) a Poem on Hearing a Dove Coo from a Deserted Mansion; on The Enslavement of the Irish People; a Farewell as the Poet Leaves Ireland for the Low Countries.

And apparently in keeping with this spirit of disintegration the editor has gathered into the second half of the book poems from other centuries sounding the minor, too, even going so far as to include many that are worthless except as illustrating the ruin of a race. What was once the fine, if vain, fragility of the excessively cultured though passionate poets of the love songs has declined into a riddling, punning facility that tires; at their worst the earlier euphuists amused. What was once the ascetic offset to a lusty age has declined into what produced in Europe the nightmare gargoyles of Notre Dame, or those foul mortuary statues like the famous one in the Louvre to a certain duchess of pious memory.

But in the hands of a wise teacher this anthology might illustrate the whole run of Irish art; nevertheless in so arbitrary a selection one could wish for a little more of those things that better represent the robust personality of Irish culture: of the melancholy of the Celt we have heard enough, of the period of the decline we have heard too much. His melancholy is characteristic but it is not basic, and those later periods are dark enough and near enough not to require emphasis: in those days he walked in almost constant gloom, remembering a past he could never recall, finally remembering but ragged fragments of a legendary glory. These periods have only the borrowed interest of those fragments, and a study of them can only give a fragmentary folk-idea of greater periods whose gateway is elsewhere.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

A Druggist and the Arts

A Florentine Diary, translated by Alice de Rosen Jervis. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.00.

THIS modest story of the daily life and doings of a Florentine apothecary of the sixteenth century is of curiously real and absorbing interest—largely because it deals so often with matters still significant at the present day. Luca Landucci's understanding eyes were privileged to gaze en primeur upon works of art that have delighted succeeding generations until our own time. His enthusiasm for things of beauty—a trait apparently shared by the majority of his fellow-citizens—was whetted by the fact that, as each masterpiece of painting or sculpture was revealed to the population, all Florence appears to have discussed the event with an interest now reserved for a prize-fight or a base-ball score. Living in the midst of stirring events—the conspiracy of the Pazzi; the French invasion; the almost chronic attempts of the art-loving Medici against the liberties of Florence—Luca chronicles with equal enthusiasm these scenes of high renaissance history, and those other events, now so much more important, concerned with the artistic achievements of his fellow-citizens. On the same page that records the defeat of the Pisans at Barga he notes that "a saint with a wheel on her head was placed above the gate which is halfway up the staircase in the Palagio del Podesta." There she stands, most admirably, to the present day—yet who now cares what was done to the enemies of the republic at Barga?

Apothecary though he might be, Landucci did not hesitate to give advice regarding architectural matters even to the Pollaiuolo. On December 20, 1505, he writes: "I gave a memorandum and a drawing to Simone del Pollaiuolo, as he was an architect, and it seemed to me that he was fit to carry out my idea which was that in that place now occupied by San Giovanni Vaghiolista, in Florence, a fine temple with a fine cupola ought to be built . . . to the glory of God and of

our city; giving him this design, according to which all the houses and shops in the Piazza San Lorenzo, a square of about a hundred bracci each way, should be taken down to make room for this temple." His idea was never carried out and San Giovanni still stands, yet what a splendid disregard, in the interest of civic art, of the taxpayers' viewpoint, on the part of one who would today be called a corner druggist!

As an example of those to whom their fellow-citizens believed honor was due in fifteenth-century Florence, a catalogue of "noble and valiant men" admired by the diarist is revealing. These include "Messer Paolo, a doctor, philosopher and astrologer, of holy life; Cosimo, son of Giovanni de Medici, whom men called the great merchant as he had places of business in every part of the town; Donatello, the sculptor who made the tomb of Messer Leonardo d'Arezzo in Santa Croce; and Desidero, the sculptor who made the tomb of Messer Carlo d'Arezzo, also in Santa Croce. Later came Rossellino, a very small man but great in sculpture; he made the tomb of the cardinal in San Miniato which is on the left; Maestro Antonio, an organist who surpassed everyone in his day; Maestro d'Andreino, a painter; Maestro Domenico, of Venice, also a painter who is beginning to be spoken of [sic]; Maestro Antonio and his brother Piero, called the Pollaiuli, goldsmiths, sculptors and painters." Nor will we think the less of our Luca for including in his galaxy the names of "Maestro Mariano, who taught bookkeeping, and also my master Calando, who taught the same subject and was a very kind and courteous man."

That men who admired such a maestro as Donatello and saw in Domenico a rising star, should not have shared many of our modern ideals and prejudices seems hardly probable, yet in the pages of this little book there often appear such grim entries as the following, written September 25, 1495: "There was a proclamation that anyone who should kill Piero di Medici should have four thousand ducats and the right to bear arms for life and . . . could obtain the pardon of any rebel."

W. P. CRESSON.

War in Pigtales

Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne: Misadventures of an English General in the Revolution, by Francis J. Hudleston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$5.00.

MR. HUDLESTON as librarian of the British War Office has had unequaled facilities for research. His book is replete with genuine information and stamped with authenticity. Yet it reads along gallantly like the "romantik tale" it was in the acting. If, as Mr. Shaw has it, the Americans with innate vivacity of temperament first appreciated Burgoyne—their enemy—who had not a trace of dry-as-dust stupidity in his whole being, then to them in particular should appeal this story of "handsome Jack," keen, gay, slightly pedantic, inherently the dramatist, always the gentleman.

This biography is a drama with an eighteenth-century background of gilded decorum and vice, moving relentlessly toward its destined climax. There is no intrusion of informative dullness, as Mr. Hudleston wields his vast resources with a touch of the casual. John Burgoyne was a good, a thorough soldier, let down as never general was let down before, by an incompetent home government and the villain of the piece, Lord George Germaine. A politician, yet clean-handed, a man about town, philanderer, a complete letter writer, always choosing the longest word, with his tags of Latin and smattering of French, John Burgoyne moves, in debonair fashion, through

the history that is America. He was the "soldier's friend," long in advance of his time; and again the heroic "prisoner's friend," when "the public faith is broke!" What he aspired to be and was not (except in tiresome, infrequent intervals) was a dramatist. He, too, would see his life-story as Mr. Hudleston has presented it, in histrionic measure. Burgoyne had the gift of declamation. This is Gallic in spirit, but unlike the Gaul, he showed no brevity in application. His pompous, thundering proclamation from Putnam's Creek, which provoked the famous "tender-hyena" speech of Edmund Burke, aroused mirth, even in the face of danger, on both sides of the Atlantic. This book of Mr. Hudleston's gives us a complete character-sketch of one man, sympathetic, although tinged with irony. Yet such a life would scarce merit the exercise of biography were it not that in defeat Burgoyne gained immortality. It was his surrender at Saratoga that "inspired the French and founded the United States."

A dark thread is sometimes spun in the destinies of nations, and it was John Burgoyne's fate to unravel this—and cut it quite. The histrionic value of the northern campaign has long grasped the imaginations of men. We have a series of unforgettable pictures: the splendor of scarlet uniforms in the northern forests; that combination of farce and tragedy, the Brunswick contingent, at Bennington, the "Englishman's victory"; all the while that gathering storm upon the left—and no word from Lord Howe! Through such memorable scenes Mr. Hudleston leads us to the final act in the great drama, the surrender, in the meadows above the quiet Hudson. That unhappy warrior, John Burgoyne, could not even hold the centre of the stage here. For Horatio Gates, humbug and charlatan though he was, handed him back his sword, quite in the high Roman fashion.

Surprisingly enough, everyone in America and Great Britain knew the plan of this campaign—except Lord Howe. There may be no common ground of agreement as to the reason for Howe's failure to receive his orders. The generally accepted one has become famous, that of Lord George Germaine's Sussex week-end, although Trevelyan thinks the story (as first given to the world in a private memoir of Lord Shelburne's) unbelievable. However, Mr. Hudleston takes the stand for its probability not only on the Shelburne Memoir, but because the same story is told, by William Knox, under-secretary in the Colonial Department, and is found among the Knox manuscripts. There can be no doubt as to the influence wielded on Howe, to go south, through his correspondence with Charles Lee—which is fully given here. The correspondence between Lee and Burgoyne is also diverting reading.

Possibly there are too many letters included in this volume. Although well-chosen, they impede the action of so swift-moving a tale. The footnotes (usually of salient interest, too) become a source of positive irritation. There are frequent digressions, sometimes to the point, sometimes far afield, expressed in a twist of the vernacular, that would seem to aim at the final effect of smartness. Mr. Hudleston wanders cheerily into bypaths of style as well as of action, and despite his erudition, strays only spasmodically into really fine writing. This is not the honorable English prose of Trevelyan, nor the glittering emptiness of "the allusive Guedalla." Rather it harks back, quite faintly, to some of Thackeray's side-plays. However, this is another instance of the modern art of biography, revived, brought down to date, even in current slang. It is, moreover, sprightly reading, and deserves to be read. For it is yet another angle of the story of these United States.

MARTHA BAYARD.

The Honest Broker

Jacques Coeur: Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages, by Albert Boardman Kerr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

"THE dear, quaint old middle-ages," were words which Mr. G. K. Chesterton put into the mouth of one of his delightful detective creations, Horne Fisher, "the man who knew too much." There were phases of mediaeval life that were neither dear nor quaint. The harsher, crueler, meaner aspects of those days were revealed not only in the clash of feudal warfare but in the perfidy of princes and the sordidness of those who, then as now, worshiped money and not truth. Jacques Coeur, organizer of the commerce of France and finance minister of Charles VII, was a faithful and loyal subject as well as a distinguished public servant. His reward was persecution and disgrace at the hands of a monarch whose rancor was fanned into a flame by those who envied his victim's high position or coveted his wealth.

Against a fifteenth-century background of oriental hazards and magnificence, of occidental oppression and intrigue, Albert Boardman Kerr has told the colorful story of the career of the man who provided his king with a purse, as Jeanne d'Arc had given him a sword, with which to repel the English invaders of France. Linked by their common effort to deliver their country from foreign control and internecine strife, the names of the merchant prince and the peasant girl can again be associated when we recall that both suffered from the ingratitude of their sovereign, Charles the Well-Served—perhaps the too-well-served.

If the present author's deduction from vague and conflicting testimony is correct there was yet a third likeness between the two: "Jeanne d'Arc's trust in her voices led her to the funeral pyre; though himself far from attaining her sublimity, Jacques Coeur's devotion to his faith brought upon him ignominy and disgrace." So trivial or so false were the charges brought against the merchant at his trial, so indefatigable were Pope Nicholas V's efforts in his behalf, that Mr. Kerr concludes that Charles, whose policies restricted the power of the Holy See in France, resented and punished the anti-Gallican activities of Jacques Coeur.

Lack of space forbids a summary of the evidence and surmises which led Mr. Kerr to this conclusion; but they are extremely interesting, as are the entire contents of this scholarly and well-written book. Perhaps the only charge that can be made against its author is that he has an ultra-enthusiastic attitude toward his hero. But he disarms us by his skill in refuting the accusations brought by Jacques Coeur's enemies, and he silences us by his insistence that the merchant's indubitable shortcomings in his political and business relationships be judged by the standards of his age. Did not Mr. H. C. Lea at one time employ this device of the historically-minded to picture in the person of Spain's second Philip a truly tender parent and a most engaging prince? What is more, Mr. Kerr, who has much less to explain away, succeeds in communicating to the reader much of his devotion to the memory of the man who, having risen by sheer ability to be argentier of France, after undergoing torture and seeing the confiscation of his goods, escaped from prison to die in the great effort made by Christendom after the fall of Constantinople to hold off further progress of the Turk. Shrewd man of business as well as brave soldier of the Cross, among the last of the crusaders as he had been among the first of the bourgeoisie, his story has for us all the fascination of a life lived to its fullest during

the period when the middle-ages were imperceptibly merging into modern times.

This historical biography is one of the few works which can be recommended with equal confidence to the special student and the intelligent general reader. Those who like their books to possess some aesthetic appeal will rejoice in the artistic binding and handsome illustrations of the volume. In these days of the high cost of publishing, such charming added attractions make its price a modest one.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Primal Forces

Giants in the Earth: A Saga of the Prairies, by O. E. Rølvaag. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THIS book is perhaps the most vivid account of the settlement of the American Northwest which has yet appeared. Strangely enough it was written in Norwegian and first published in Norway in 1924; as the author is a professor in a Minnesota college (Saint Olaf's, at Northfield) and has spent the greater part of his life in America, this has probably caused a slight flurry of alarm to pass through the breasts of those of our 100 percenters who may have read the novel. Yet to the present reviewer this is a cause for rejoicing.

Professor Rølvaag holds the chair of Norwegian literature at Saint Olaf's College, an institution which recommends that all persons of Scandinavian origin should be thoroughly familiar with the language and culture of their race, that they may be better and more effective American citizens. It is said that Scandinavians make good colonists, and the reason usually given is that they are of Germanic extraction; does not the very existence of such an institution as Saint Olaf's indicate a better reason? If it were possible to give each national group which goes to make up our hodge-podge country a real feeling for its own language and culture, would it not greatly facilitate the formation of a real American culture? One cannot expect an Italian child, brought up by Italian parents, who has never heard of Dante, to have any real feeling for the washed-out English backgrounds which he is expected to assimilate from our normal education; it seems obvious that it is only in terms of the culture of one's early environment that one can comprehend any other.

Giants in the Earth is truly a saga. In the ordinary sense of the word it has no plot; it is fictional history rather than historical fiction. The book recounts in superbly simple language the experiences and hardships of a poor immigrant family from northern Norway; they settle first in Fillmore County, Minnesota, and then move out into the Dakota territory, making the land fertile with the sweat of their brows and causing life to come where before there had been only endless prairie and dry grass. Very skilfully indeed the author causes a contrast to appear between the husband, Per Hansa, a natural-born settler, and his wife, Beret, all of whose sympathies are with civilization and the established ways of men. And it is also with keen perception that Mr. Rølvaag has Per Hansa finally killed by the very forces which he has helped to conquer, leaving Beret, at the close of the book, with the final task of bringing up her children in a settled and civilized community.

Giants in the Earth should be read with close interest by anyone who wishes to have an understanding of the effort and sacrifice which have gone into the making of our country.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Words with Wings—and Stings

Political Myths and Economic Realities, by Francis Delaisi. New York: The Viking Press. \$4.00.

MR. DELAISI'S book is, so far as I know, the first attempt by a modern economist to project an evolutionary account of existing political institutions with the aid of Georges Sorel's "doctrine of the myth." The conviction that groups of people have been roused to action and "progress" according as they accepted some "myth" or gospel of conduct is certainly a very useful one up to a certain extent. It can also, however, be employed to prove too much. And Mr. Delaisi's book not only does attempt too much, but occasionally suggests the relatively ironical conclusion that his formula for political betterment is this: improvement will come as soon as everybody knows as much as Mr. Francis Delaisi. Affording readers an opportunity to feel that way is dangerous procedure for any writer to adopt. We feel the justice of this remark especially keenly in so far as there is question of analogies drawn between the domains of politics and religion.

Apart from these criticisms I will admit that the book appears to be one of those few popular treatments of the contemporary political and economic scene which deserve a wide reading and a no less careful consideration. The chief thesis it defends is that economic realities not only determine the permanence of a myth, but are always the standards by which its efficacy is to be judged. The contemporary scene presents a definite conflict between an established political myth and an undeniably economic reality. Nationalism, the "sacred soil," is the social concept which has sway over most men's hearts and action; but the internationalism of production, consequent upon a revolution in the cost of production, is a bread-and-butter fact from which we cannot escape. The conflict between these two things—or complexes of things—has determined the course of recent history, including the great war. Our present task is to realize the nature of this conflict and to escape from it toward a lasting peace made in conformity with realities.

Mr. Delaisi's presentation of the various portions of this argument is effective. One may question his estimate on matters of detail, but the central stream of thought rushes at one with all the impetuosity of a series of truths not to be combated. It may be added that the program proposed for a just solution of existing international difficulties is the one which sane statesmen, following the lead of Pope Benedict XV, have joined in advocating: disarmament, both physical and moral; the abolition of trade barriers; and international coöperation. That the experience of the United States is often referred to favorably during the course of the book is one more reason why Americans can read it with interest and profit.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Cooks and the Social Broth

The Goal of Social Work, by Richard C. Cabot. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

HEREIN are contained contributions by members of the Massachusetts Conference of Social Work, Swampscott, 1925. The parts concentrate on the goal of social work for children, for adults, for the aged, for social workers in training, and last, the author's own summary.

There is considerable satisfaction in the fact that the various contributors recognize the errors of past and present social work. Through scientific approach to their clients, coupled with Christian charity, they look forward to a hopeful future.

More Than Pleasure

From the Chief Editorial Writer of the *New York World*:

I have been a reader of THE COMMONWEAL since its first issue. Even if I had no interest in its subject matter I should enjoy it because of the distinction with which it is edited and the grace with which it is written. But I get more than pleasure out of it. I get, as a non-Catholic, the expression of a point of view which has not until recently played the part in American life which, as a matter of historic importance to civilization, it is entitled to play. It is not often in these days that you can find a magazine which is both important in itself and interesting to read. I wish THE COMMONWEAL the best of luck.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

For three years THE COMMONWEAL has grown steadily more important, not only among Catholic readers but among non-Catholics who are willing and anxious to learn the Catholic layman's reactions in literature, the arts and public affairs. THE COMMONWEAL voices the views of millions of Catholic laymen. Its editorials offer fearless opinions and pungent comment on affairs of interest to all intelligent readers. It is provocative, informing and always interesting. There is enough variety in every issue to satisfy the reading demands of all. Start the new year with a subscription and be assured of wellbalanced, interesting reading for every week of 1928.

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Each worker, in giving his or her paper, has a different definition of social work. But as the editor himself says, there is no contradiction in their definitions. Moreover, there is universal recognition of the need of something more than the scientific approach. Now whether it is called beauty, enrichment, freedom, or as the editor terms it, Christian charity, fundamentally it is reduced to the need of spirituality.

While each paper or essay has made a distinct contribution, special mention should be made of Elliott Dunlap Smith's, which treats of social work in industry. Too few papers of this kind are submitted. Mr. Smith knows his job from both sides. In his summary, the final paragraph reads: "This goal is a dynamic thing—not a static goal—because the changing conditions of industry and society will require the constant reintegration of industrial methods and motives and thus constant reëducation of the desires and working habits of all engaged in industry whether as managers or as employers."

Every social worker will pause in reading Christine McLeod's paper, *When Winter Comes*. There is singular appreciation of the physical handicaps and the emotional make-up of the aged. Roots of years are not torn up easily. To quote: "There is no real problem of old age. It is a problem of life. And life is a preparation for old age. . . . In caring properly for the aged of today, may we not be planning our own tomorrows?" After all, who knows? The aged have their memories, their dreams, and inactivity comes hard to them.

Dr. Cabot gives his own definition of the goal of social work, but every reader will want to peruse it personally and should not be deprived of the pleasure.

Once read, this volume will be returned to. It is unfortunate that the editor did not double the number of its pages. We are grateful, however, for its inspiration.

ELISE LINFERT.

Clouds of Glory

Ends of Things, by Mary Dixon Thayer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

TO THOSE who have never grown up, and even to those who have carried with them into more mature years some wistful echoes of childhood, *Ends of Things* will bring back the experience of that magic hour when one saw "the world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower."

The child whose experience here unfolds itself in a series of narrative sketches, is a very real child—real in her enthusiasms, her questionings and bewilderments, her loves and repulsions; real, too, in her imaginative interpretation of the facts of life: the more real that she is individualized, not a mere type or algebraic symbol of childhood.

Few have drawn nearer than Miss Thayer to the crude but touching realism of childhood, to its combined literalness and romance. The power of seeing one's childhood objectively, of appreciating its significances and vague suggestions, and at the same time of allowing oneself to be submerged by its compelling experience, is a rare gift. In the present book the sharpened vision of retrospect singles out the high lights; but then the writer leaves behind her the grown-up's point of view. She has never put aside the things of a child, and she demands that her readers think and understand as children. Those who enter her domain must stoop to a low wicket; but beyond lies the freedom of a city to which no mayor holds the key.

ELEANOR DOWNING.

Briefer Mention

Thomas Hardy, by Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.00.

THOMAS HARDY has lived long enough to see the measures which several first-rate critics have taken of him. There was Lionel Johnson, for instance, whose book is almost a classic of English literary criticism. Mr. Abercrombie is more ambitious and philosophical. After having argued in an introductory chapter for the existence of a "higher artistic power" to which both the crude materials and the technical virtues of literature must be subjected, he declares that "the activity of this higher power was, on the whole," absent from English fiction "until the Wessex Novels appeared." We are then asked to see how the character of Hardy's personality and achievement proves him a master of this "metaphysical power of art." These general doctrinal assertions lead up to a discussion of the Hardy works seriatim. A number of helpful distinctions are made—between the "epic" and the "dramatic" form of the later novels, for instance. There is a scathing denunciation of *Angel Clare* which will satisfy the feelings of many readers. An earnest effort is made to understand and evaluate *The Dynasts*. In general one may say that Mr. Abercrombie is unusually successful in determining the outlines of Hardy's pessimism. His formal analysis of the novels is, however, vastly inferior to the brilliant study of Joseph Warren Beach. The two books supplement each other, and both are well-nigh indispensable to the critical student of the Wessex novelist and doubly interesting in their connection.

Morale Sclarium of John of Garland, by Louis John Paetow. Berkeley: University of California Press. \$4.25.

DR. PAETOW'S scholarly monograph, reference to which is made elsewhere in these pages, accomplishes three things. It sifts the available evidence regarding John of Garland, establishes his individuality beyond cavil, and thus restores to modern learning the figure of a really important humanist. This professor in the universities of Paris and Toulouse during the thirteenth century is well worth knowing, for his own sake as well as for his representative importance. Secondly, Dr. Paetow offers a reliable guide to the major writings of his hero, which are varied and colorful in character. In the third place, there is an admirable reprint of the manuscript of *Morale Sclarium*, with an accurate text and a presentation of the glosses. This last occupies most of the volume, and deserves a wide reading for the light it throws upon mediaeval university conditions. In short, here is an authoritative and admirably printed folio, to which plates reproducing the Bruges manuscript of the *Morale* add the finishing touch of elegance.

Maecenas, edited by Dr. Joachim Stern. Berlin: Dr. Joachim Stern Verlag.

MAECENAS is an international address-book which enumerates more than 50,000 public and private collectors of art, books, ceramics, et cetera. One notes with surprised wonder how many of such gathering agencies there are, and admires the skill and industry with which the editor has compiled his information. Being the only work of its kind, *Maecenas* is sure to meet with a wide welcome. It should be added that the volume is so arranged as to permit of facile use by English readers—one hopes that their name will be legion—and that its technical constitution is excellent.

THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"That was a sour old gentleman, Britannicus, who asserted that the more he studied the perversities of men the more he preferred dogs. He did not stop to consider that, in a way, he was paying the animals a rather poor compliment; for if there is any quadruped that has an enviable history it is man's most faithful friend the dog. From the most primitive days his story of devotion to his masters forms a proud place in our annals.

"The far frontiers of civilization have always known him as a valuable asset. In the Greek poems he has an honorable standing, borne out in the ancient sagas, and the pages of chivalry. The old saints knew him as a helper and even as an inspiration, so that the followers of Saint Dominic were proud to be called the Hounds of the Lord and put this rebus forth in their monastic arms. Lately I have heard of a pack of dogs maintained in a Long Island village grocery store which, when women and children come at night for their purchases, are deputed to escort them across the lonely country-side, when, after obtaining a bite of food in recompense they trot back to the shop and await further duty. It seems an excellent system, doesn't it?"

"As a lover of animals, dear Angelicus," replied Britannicus suavely, "you should prepare and publish your work on the History of Animals as the Friends of Man. We have long been awaiting such a bestiary. I am sure you would have the able backing of the societies for prevention of cruelty and the bide-a-wee homes—not to speak of the various cemeteries for cats and dogs."

"I am sorry to say, Britannicus, that I cannot satisfy myself with the chapters on the cats. I have tried to complete my studies in that direction, ably assisted by my maiden aunt, Euphemia; but my experience with felines who devour my canary birds and darling goldfish have been too grievous to make me an unprejudiced historian. Since I beheld Aunt Euphemia's fat Maltese spring into the air and snatch down the golden humming-bird in her garden, I have never been able to look on a cat with any pleasure. I am afraid I shall have to confine the felines to a footnote.

"With the horse, however—to move on up the scale—I am on a fruitful theme. Think of the speaking horses of Homer; the splendid mounts of the old emperors and kings! Wasn't it Saint Ignatius whose horse guided him to the monastery from a crossroad in his early life? The sure-footed steed of the plains, the farms and battle-fields! the Rocinante of Don Quixote! The Matamoros of Pizarro! What magnificent names are these!"

"Do not overlook the mule, Angelicus, the burden carrier of the Holy Lands and the mount of all the ancient Popes. Remember Sancho Panza's little brother mule and all the countless burros of the Andes who claim a great ancestor in Marobaré, the first ass to climb the Andes. It seems that Marobaré was the sole survivor of a Spanish wreck upon the coast, and the Indians, never having beheld a being of his particular dimensions, carried him off and placed him in a temple in Tairona. When the invading Quesada was halfway up the Colombian mountains he heard the braying of this sacred animal and fancied that the Indians were merely trying to mock his prowess with the sound. After they had captured Tairona the Spaniards discovered the deified ass and carried it off on their campaign, the mount of the Friar Requesada. After years of warfare when the armies were facing starvation on the plains of

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the River Meta 'in extremity of hunger,' records the Friar Aguado, they killed the brave Marobaré, cut him up, cooked and ate him. It is always so with pioneer genius," concluded Britannicus with a sigh.

"There are other animals of which I shall make a very good account; for instance that Wolf of Gubbio who was converted from his disorderly courses by the good Francis of Assisi; and there are lions and deer and fawns who were of excellent assistance to the hermits and cenobites of the deserts. The Old Testament mentions several lions that showed a laudable self-control when Daniel was put among them; and the whale of Jonah certainly behaved like a gentleman in the hospitality and transit service which it accorded that vagrant prophet.

"The fish are also known to have given a dutiful hearing to the charming sermon addressed to them by Saint Anthony of Padua. In more modern times, as descendants of Australian pioneers have assured me, their fathers owed their successful pilotage into port to the benevolence of the fish they call the manatee."

"Do not forget the birds, Angelicus; they too listened to several homilies by the Saint of Assisi. There were also the larks that, selecting the outstretched hand of Saint Kevin at Glendalough, laid their eggs there and raised their nestlings in so decorous a manner that they never disturbed the holy man's devotions. There were the ravens that provided the fresh breakfast rolls to the ancient prophet of the Hebrews; there are birds that tell the mariner of coming storms, and the geese that warned off the invaders of the Roman walls. It is a long catalogue, speaking benevolence in these little hearts.

"I know nothing, however," concluded Britannicus, as one who had pondered the matter, "of any service performed for man by the parrots, whose fatal gift seems confined to repeating the speeches of human beings. Perhaps this may be some punishment placed by an ancient and mysterious fate upon them; but then, you are familiar with my view that the loveliest word in our whole language is silence."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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